HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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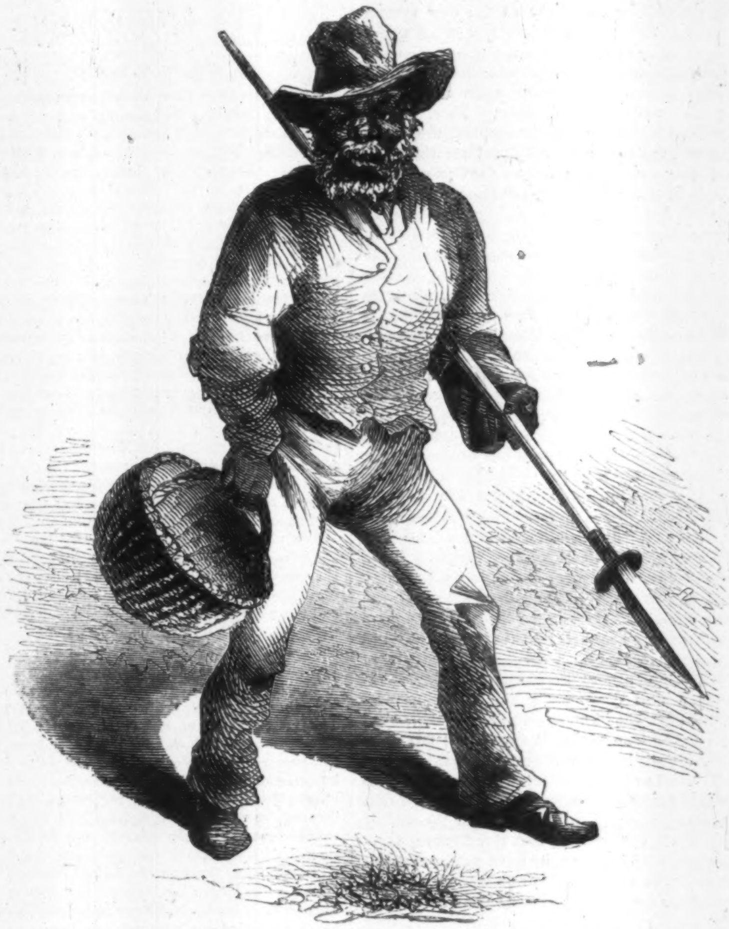
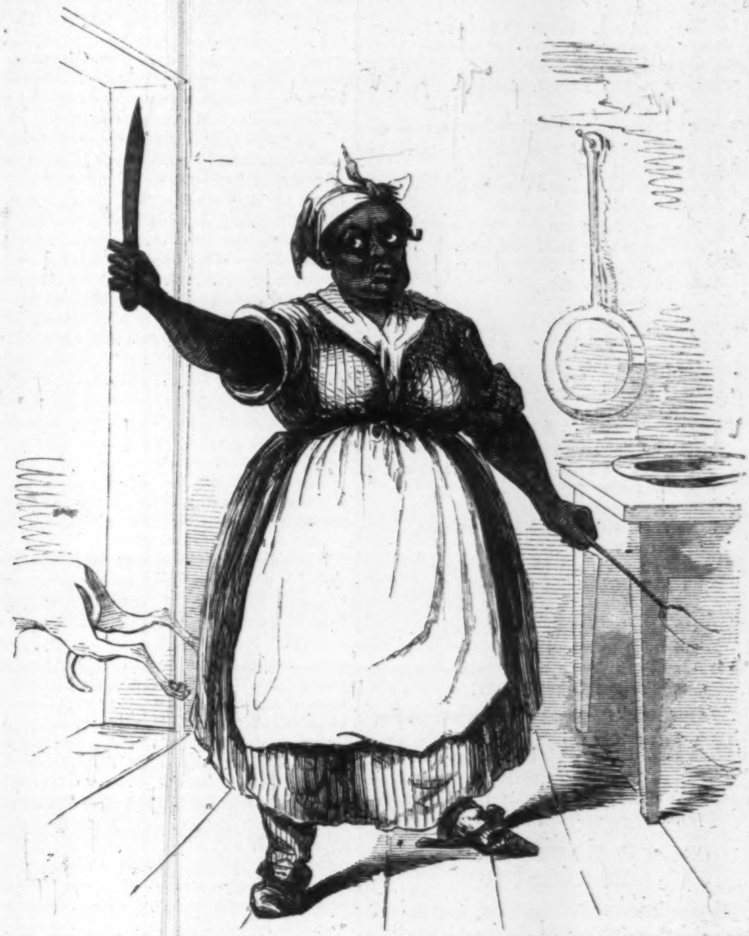
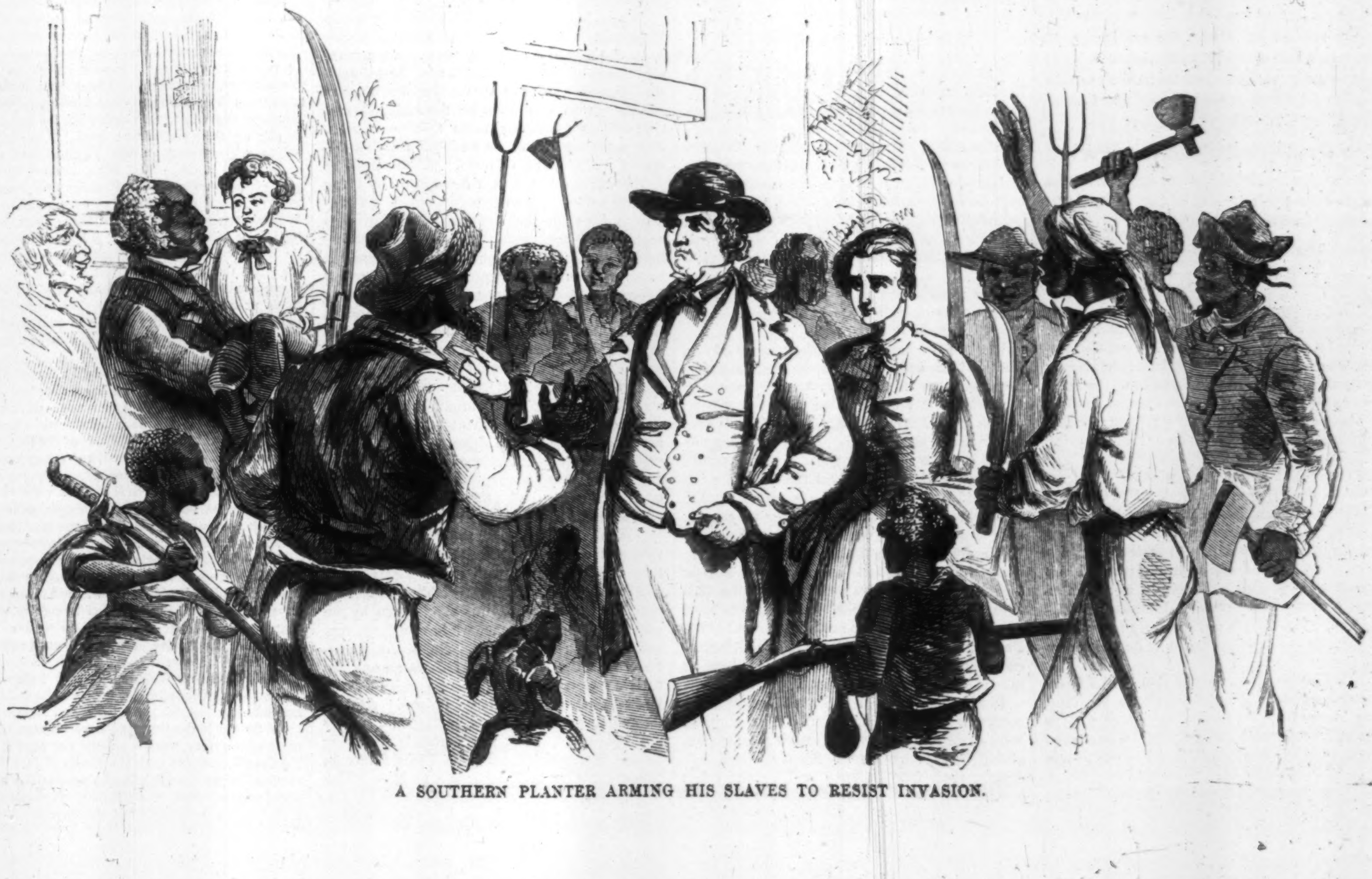
EFFECT OF JOHN BROWN'S INVASION AT THE SOUTH.



"MUCH OBLIGED TO DAR AR POSSUM WATTOMIE FOR DESE PIKES HE GIN US—DEY'S TURRIBLE HANDY TO DIG TATERS WID."



"WHAT'S DEM FOOL NIGGERS FRAID ON? I'D LIKE TER SEE ONE O' DEM FOLKS ONDERTAKE TO CARRY ME OFF, I WOULD!"



A SOUTHERN PLANTER ARMING HIS SLAVES TO RESIST INVASION.

KATIE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

[A YOUNG lady had taken the sole care of her mother during a long and painful illness. After her mother's death she performed the last duties previous to interment with mechanical precision, and without shedding a tear. Her first words were spoken at the grave, when the sexton had raised his spade to throw earth upon the coffin. "Nay," cried Katie, arresting his arm and showering a lapful of flowers into the grave, "I always covered mother up, and she used to say I did it so gently." There were few on the ground but wept.]

I HAVE always covered mother
  Since the pain came to her brow;
And she said I did it gently—
  None else shall do it now.

I have always smoothed her pillow,
  And drawn the curtain fold;
And I'll not forget thee now, mother,
  When thy limbs are all so cold.

'Neath the willows, deep and narrow,
  They have made thy bed, I know,
But they shall not soil thy robes, mother,
  With the damp earth-mould below.

See, I've plucked some wild flowers, mother,
  And I'll strew them on thy breast;
But the buds shall fall so gently
  That they may not break thy rest.

I'd have brought thee brighter flowers, mother,
  But the roses fled with June,
And the daisies and anemones
  Went with the sweet May moon.

But the buds fell from the stem, mother,
  To be caught by hands on high—
Now they blossom in God's garden;
  Pale lilies of the sky.

And 'tis thus with souls like thine, mother,
  For they pass from life to love;
And they leave this dark earth-garden
  For the golden walks above.

Oh, the sweet star-lilies blossom
  Where no hand may pluck them down,
Or I'd weave, to grace thy brow, mother,
  A purer, fairer crown.

But the angel's wings are free, mother,
  And you can wander there,
Where the flowers are blooming ever
  With a fragrance like to prayer.

Now the counterpane is spread, mother,
  You'll wake to morning light—
God's hand has drawn the curtain,
  So, mother sweet, good-night!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

"GREAT EASTERN" SUPPLEMENT.

IN compliance with numerous requests we publish, together with this number of the *Weekly*,

A Supplement of Sixteen Pages,

wholly devoted to the *Great Eastern* steamship. As our readers are aware, the movements of that vessel are still very uncertain, though her departure for the United States is likely to take place at no distant day. In any event, there are few topics of such general interest as

The Greatest Ship in the World!

and we have no doubt but our readers will be glad to have a full account of her, profusely illustrated, for Six Cents.

THE SAN JUAN DISPUTE.

IT is understood that Lord John Russell, the present Foreign Minister of Great Britain, has sent a pretty sharp dispatch to our Government on the subject of General Harney's recent occupation of the island of San Juan. In reply the *Herald* informs us that Mr. Cass has indited a dispatch vindicating Harney, and reading John Bull a severe lesson on his filibustering propensities.

We doubt, for our part, whether Mr. Cass has done any thing of the kind. Mr. Cass is a very old man, and by no means as belligerent as he used to be. Mr. Cass was ready to abandon our German population to their cast-off oppressors, till this and other journals recalled him to a sense of his duty. Moreover, as a man of large property and extended interests of various kinds, Mr. Cass is not so likely to promote disorder in the financial world as he was before his fortune was made.

It is possible, of course, in view of the Presidential election of next year, that Mr. Cass may have allowed ambition to induce him to foment a new British quarrel. If by any chance a war with England could be fairly got on the tapis, the Northern vote next year would certainly be Democratic, and as the state of the slavery controversy naturally alarms Northern Democrats, it is just possible that Mr. Cass may have had an eye to the possible advantage which his party, in his section, would derive from an active quarrel with Great Britain.

But, on the other hand, whatever the views of the Michigan statesman may be, it is not likely that the influence of the Southern members of the Cabinet is so small that Mr. Cass has been suffered to menace England with war for the sake of strengthening the Democratic vote in a few Northern States.

In the millennium, nations, like individuals, will act altogether on grounds of principle and passion. At the present day, the actions of both are mostly swayed by interest. And nothing can be more hostile to the interest of the South than the mere rumor of a war with England. Times have vastly changed since the war of 1812, when nine hundred thousand dollars paid our whole cotton export for a year. The South is now growing enormously rich by exporting cotton to England. Last year it exported something like $160,000,000 worth of cotton, most of which went to Great Britain. This year it will probably export nearly $200,000,000 worth, of which England will take the lion's share. A war with Great Britain would not only stop British consumption, but would render it extremely difficult to send cotton to any foreign port, as the enormous navy of England would sweep every sea. At the present time, middling uplands, costing the producer from 5 to 6 cents per pound, sells at say 11 cents, and other descriptions in proportion. In the event of a war with England, the cotton producers being shut out from three-fourths of their usual market, the price would probably decline below the cost of production, and we should have middling uplands hard of sale at 5 cents per pound. The price of Southern land and labor would decline in proportion. If, for the sake of securing the supremacy of the Democrats in certain Northern States, Mr. Cass be allowed to quarrel with England, the mere possibility of an outbreak will, long before actual hostilities, cause the price of cotton, negroes, and land to decline so seriously that half the Southern planters will be ruined.

For this reason, we do not apprehend that Mr. Cass has been suffered to write any rhodomontading dispatches about the island of San Juan.

The question at issue between Great Britain and this country is, in truth, one of so simple a nature that, without shameful perversity on one side or the other, it is impossible to quarrel about it. It is, as we stated a couple of weeks since, a question for naval men and engineers to decide. Whether "the channel" lies in Rosario or Haro Strait is a purely naval problem, to be solved, not by politicians or editors, but by sailors. If the two Governments have any honest men at their heads, they should make haste to have thorough reports on the locality prepared by experienced and high-minded naval men. These reports should settle the question at once. If any doubt should still exist, the difficulty should be referred to a foreign arbitrator—either a government, as Russia or Sweden, or a competent geographer, French or German. The talk of hostilities growing out of the difficulty is mere nonsense; about as silly as General Harney's conduct.

MR. WARD IN CHINA.

THE news is that our minister, Mr. Ward, has been received respectfully at Pekin, and has exchanged ratifications of the treaty of 1858 with the Chinese Government. Every thing is said to have passed off pleasantly, and Mr. Ward is said to be in the best humor possible with the Chinese—who, on their side, are represented as exclaiming against the folly of the British Government in sending dunderheads like Colonel Bruce and Admiral Hope to deal with them, while the United States can find men of mind and ability like Mr. Ward to represent them. We make no comment on this intelligence; it will be time enough to do so when the details are authoritatively confirmed.

It will be remembered by the readers of this journal that, when the Pei-ho battle took place, we stated that, if there was another mouth to the river further north which was navigable by vessels of moderate draught, there was no excuse for the attack on the forts. Recent intelligence would seem to show that there is such a mouth and such a river; and that the British were guilty of great precipitation—to use no harsher term—in attacking the forts before they made sure that the Chinese were deceiving them.

We are glad to find that Mr. Ward's active sympathy with the maritime powers of Europe does not appear to have hurt him with the Chinese. The latter seem—if the accounts to hand can be relied upon—to be rather ashamed of the Pei-ho affair, and are represented as making excuses for the conduct of their officials in beating the British back from the forts.

It is pretty difficult to decide between the contending parties in China. The Chinese have so uniformly proved themselves unreliable and tricky that the presumption of law is always against their fair dealing; and, on the other hand, John Bull has always lorded it so mightily over the Asiatics that it is not always safe to assume that he is really wronged when he makes an outcry. A few more weeks must yet elapse before we can pronounce a judgment on the question at issue; till then, prudent people will reserve their decision.

JEWISH PROSPECTS.

A MOVEMENT of considerable importance has lately been set on foot among our Jewish residents for the purpose of substituting the Christian Sunday for the Jewish Sabbath. It is proposed that the Jews have their religious services as usual in their synagogues, on Sunday, instead of Saturday, as at present. The advocates of the new system have hired a suitable chapel up town, and seceded from the synagogue of which they were members.

It will be very curious to watch the effect of this movement. By keeping Sunday as their holy day instead of Saturday, the Jews will efface the principal dividing line between themselves and the Christians. We have a number of sects, all called Christian, and yet whose doctrines differ as widely as the Jew system from the Christian. The principal points which are common to all are a reverence—various in kind, but similar in essence—for the Bible, and a tacit understanding to set apart Sunday for especial religious observance. Now, though the Jews reject the New Testament, they yield to no Christians in their respect for the Old; and if they conclude to follow the Christian example in observing Sunday as their Sabbath instead of Saturday, the remaining differences between themselves and the Christians will hardly be more material than those which divide the several Christian churches.

There are reasons for expecting the success of the new movement. It is well known that the Jews are among the foremost merchants of the world. Many of our leading foreign bankers and mercantile men are Jews. To these persons the existing rites of the synagogue are very inconvenient. They can not obey the precept of their Church and abstain from labor on Saturday without injuring their business; nor is it of any use to them to be able to work on Sunday, for the ordinary marts of trade are closed, and there is no one to do business with. In the specie business, for instance, in which the proportion of Jews is large, Saturday is the busiest day of the week, as it is on that day that the heaviest specie shipments are made from this port. In Europe the monetary power of the Jews is such that they are enabled to impose their law upon the financial world; at Paris, London, and Frankfort Saturday is always a dull day among financiers; governments have been known to postpone the award of a public loan so that it should not fall on a Jewish festival. Here, numerous, wealthy, and influential as the Jews are, they possess no controlling power; it has never been expected that Commodore Vanderbilt would alter the sailing day of his steamers, or that the General Government would change the fixed programme for its loans, in order to defer to Jewish custom. Our Jews are now forced to choose between neglecting their religion or their business; they can not do justice to both unless they adopt the new plan, and begin to keep Sunday, instead of Saturday, as their Sabbath.

While, however, we think that the new movement stands a fair chance of success, people must not regard it as a step toward the general Christianization of the Jews, and the ultimate disappearance of the distinctive Jewish element. It must always be remembered that Judaism is something more than a religion. It is a nationality, and a nationality independent of the accident of birth. All the baptism in the world can not turn Jews into any thing else than Jews. And though there is no reason to question the sincerity of Jewish converts, or of the good men who are laboring among the Jews in order to convert them, all experience proves that neither argument, nor conversion, nor time, nor climate, nor custom can alter, in any material degree, the marked lineaments which have been the characteristics of the Jewish race from the time of the bondage in Egypt to the present day.

The late Prince Metternich—no mean prophet—told Monsieur Veuillot that, in his opinion, the most dangerous element of modern Germany was the German Jews. They were, he said, persons of unusual energy and invariable education; they were rapidly rising to the head of all the trades and professions, in the teeth of the most illiberal disabilities; they were leading the bar, stamping their impress on letters, and controlling the financial world; and they were, he added, with an emphasis which can be imagined, almost invariably "rabid Liberals." Of this race, thus singled out by the great Austrian statesman, we have a large representation in this country. Relatively, we believe that the proportion of Jews among the thriving Germans of the large cities of the United States is very large indeed. And so far as industry, shrewdness, energy, and success are concerned, they are certainly verifying Prince Metternich's eulogy. Their future in this country, as in Europe, is a problem which is well deserving of sober thought.

MISS BLACKWELL'S LECTURES.

THE lectures by the Misses Blackwell, to which we alluded in a late number, will be given on 15th, 18th, and 22d November, at 3 P.M., at Clinton Hall. The subjects are as follows:

THE FIRST LECTURE—On the Utility of Physiological Knowledge to Women—will show the Nature and Objects of that Knowledge—its intimate connection with every relation of Woman's Life, and the careful Study of the Laws of Health, which is needed for the wise fulfillment of Woman's Duty.

THE SECOND LECTURE—On the Utility of Medical Knowledge to Women—will illustrate the Practice of Women Physicians, their influence upon Health and Home, their relation to Public Charities, and the necessity which exists for such a class of Practitioners.

THE THIRD LECTURE—On the Education of Women Physicians—will explain the true method of Education, the difficulties to be overcome, and the way in which they may be met. European Institutions for Partial Training, and Miss Nightingale's Efforts, in relation to Nurses, will be particularly noticed.

The lectures are given in aid of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. We trust that the attendance will be large. Every thoughtful woman should make a point of hearing Miss Blackwell.

THE LOUNGER.

A MORNING'S SIGHTS.

AT this moment New York has attractions for a stranger that may fairly be called metropolitan. That is, they are such as are only to be found in a metropolis. The Lounger may begin with Church's Heart of the Andes, in Tenth Street; cross to Page's Venus, in the National Academy Rooms; stop at the corner of Ninth Street, and see Rosa Bonheur's pictures of the mules crossing the Pyrenees and the cattle at morning; then move on to Du Chaillu's collection of African curiosities gathered in his explorations; and finish the morning at the Dusseldorf Gallery. These are places very near to each other, and he can readily compare the work of American and foreign artists.

Then there is another work, of a peculiarly national character, which challenges public attention. It is the large painting of Washington and Lafayette at Mount Vernon in 1784, painted by Rossiter and Mignot. Mr. Rossiter, of course, needs no introduction. Mr. Mignot is the painter of the splendid Cordilleras picture of the last year's exhibition—an artist whose tendencies and talent seem to be sympathetic with those of Church, although entirely without imitation.

The picture in question is a very large work, and is very sure to excite popular admiration. It is a tranquil, domestic passage in the life of Washington. The great man has laid aside the sword, and has not yet put on the robe of chief civic station. A plain Virginia farmer, he lives upon his acres, and receives his young friend and ally, the French Marquis.

The scene is the piazza of the house at Mount Vernon, overlooking the winding of the Potomac. The transcript from nature is entirely faithful. The curious American who has never been upon the spot may see precisely the character of the house—the shingled side, the windows and their blinds, the door, the low upper rooms, including the one in which Washington died; the heavy, square columns of the piazza; the broad lawn, skirted with shrubbery and trees, and the distant river gleaming through the foliage, covered with the sails that were more frequent in the days when Farmer Washington made out his own bills of lading and shipped his produce directly to London—and all steeped in the calm magnificence of an August sunset.

Washington stands almost fronting the spectator, and with that grandiose, statuesque dignity with which the imagination always invests him. His arms are partly folded, but one hand is gently raised to point some remark which he is addressing to his guest. The young nobleman stands, partly leaning against a column, in an attitude of negligent grace, but with the head bowed slightly with chivalric respect. A certain conscious self-assertion in the Virginia lord of the manor, and a deferential complaisance upon the part of the courtier of the Parisian *salons* are well marked, but unobtrusively contrasted. Mrs. Washington sits quietly, knitting; Mrs. Stuart, by a little table, reads a note; Master Parke Custis is about discharging a cannon, in concert with his negro nurse; and his sister lays her head, half-apprehensively, upon grandma's lap. Two English pointers watch with curious apprehension the preparations to fire; and far on the edge of the lawn an old negro is driving a calf off the prohibited turf.

The whole scene is thoroughly domestic and peaceful; and the landscape has a vivid brilliance, a fullness of light, which is masterly. It is a piece of actual life. It has no melodramatic effect, and is entirely loyal to the simplicity of the theme. It is a work destined, doubtless, to very general admiration. We have had so much representation of Washington the hero, that it is very pleasant to see him, as he is here, the simple gentleman. Perhaps the imagination so idolizes him that it is almost impossible to present a satisfactory portrait—that is to say, a portrait which reproduces our idea of the man. In the general feeling he is already a demi-god. That we will not allow him to have had the ordinary foibles of humanity, our resentment with Thackeray for showing him as he thought he must have been in his youth sufficiently shows.

The picture of Washington and Lafayette at Mount Vernon is to be put upon public exhibition immediately.

As for the Mules Crossing the Pyrenees, it is the most satisfactory work we have yet seen of Rosa Bonheur's, more so than the Horse Fair. It represents simply the summit of a pass in the mountains; snow-drifted, rocky peaks, piled around in sullen desolation, and across them strikes this dash of hurrying, picturesque life. The thorough animation of the crowd of animals coming round a rock at the turn of the pass, with pricked-up ears, and descending directly toward the spectator—a swarm of tinkling, gayly-caparisoned, shrewd, shaggy brutes—is nobly contrasted with the perfect lonely silence of the mountain heights. In the midst stalks the chief mule-driver, with an entirely characteristic Spanish peasant face. It is picturesquely coarse and shrewd, looking forward to endless days of mule-driving, to ever-renewed *Gazpachos*, and a long draught of cheering wine. The picture has the same actuality which you find in all of her works; but the circumstances themselves are poetic, and touch the imagination. This is not the case with the Morning in the Highlands, where a group of indubitable cattle stand a little stiffened in the dawn. But there is more cattle than dawn or Highlands in the picture; and therefore, good as it is, it is not very interesting.

From pictures of known animals to the stuffed skins of unknown and recently-discovered, you pass, in stepping from the corner of Ninth Street, to below the corner of Bleecker. There M. du Chaillu has set up his gorillas, chimpanzees, and other wonders brought by him from the neighborhood of the Gaboon River in Africa, which he was the first to penetrate and explore. There is an air of veracity in the collection which is attractive, for there is no attempt to make them seem what they are not. The implements—knives, hatchets, cups, whips, spears—are very curious; and the mats and cloths woven of the grass indicate an æsthetic taste which is surprising. The collection is not large, but it is very valuable, and well worth attention.

"DAKOTAH."

SOME friend appends this signature to a certain complaint which he sends to the Lounger, and which is of a kind that editors constantly receive. He concludes his note by saying that "perhaps"—the very thing that breaks the force of his argument—and then adds, that it does not alter *his* opinion.

What then? No paper is made for any single subscriber; and every paper which is published and continues to be published, profitably to the proprietors, may be supposed to please the great mass of its readers and supporters. If they are individually displeased they will doubtless, and justly, do as Dakotah does—express their displeasure. But if the cause of complaint remains, they may be very sure that the only authority which can possibly understand the case has decided against them.

For instance, suppose that Dakotah writes—which he does not—that there ought to be no poetry in *Harper's Weekly*—that the subscription will decline terribly if there is, and that people don't want poetry in a weekly paper, and that if they do, *he* doesn't.

That is the kind of note most frequently received by all editors—and what can they do but smile, and drop it in the basket, and appoint a special clerk to look over the correspondence and shovel all such notes into the fire until there arrive more than ten such every day? Do you not see the editor knows better than any body else possibly can know? He sees the books. He knows the receipts and the expenses. He knows what papers sell more than others, for what kind of literary wares in the paper there is a popular demand. Of course he is not to supply all, of every kind, that is asked for. Pruriency, for instance, has a certain kind of popularity; but what decent man will publish a prurient paper because it pays? How can he be paid for the loss of his self-respect? So when a man tries to distinguish between himself as man and himself as editor—if he be a man at all he can not do it, where moral questions are concerned.

It is, however, a curious fact, which might be profitably pondered by "Homo," "Dakotah," "Aristides," "A Subscriber," "An old Reader," and the whole corps of private correspondents to the papers, that an editor understands his business as well as other people. A man is not necessarily a natural fool because he is an editor—a fact undoubtedly important, if true; and it is just as impertinent to volunteer advice in his business as it would be in a lawyer's, a shoemaker's, a clergyman's, or a broker's.

The great fact for every reader to remember is, the paper is not made for *me*. If he doesn't like it he can stop it. That is the splendid revenge of all malcontents upon magazines and journals. But let him also not forget, that the editor is managing his paper to make it, within honorable limits, the most profitable possible; and that while "A Subscriber" is displeased with a certain course, that very course may have gained "a subscriber" multiplied by a hundred.

A WORD UPON "PAINFUL DELICACY."

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the Lounger: "If you think my contribution worth any remuneration, I would most thankfully receive it, whatever it is. I feel an almost painful delicacy in speaking of this, and were my circumstances what they might have been I would never do it."

Why not? There is many a rich merchant in South Street and Wall Street who does not hesitate to receive payment for the cotton and tea he sells—are food and comfort for the mind less valuable than those for the body? A manuscript, or thought expressed upon paper, is thought made merchandise. Of course there is no relation that can be computed between the delight it may afford the reader and the money he pays for the book, because mental pleasure can not be estimated in money. But neither can you estimate the delight of mere existence by the money which buys the means of existence. Neither the brain-work of the trader or of the author can be properly paid for—it is only the tangible, external results they achieve which have pecuniary value.

Therefore, if Mr. Stewart need have no "painful delicacy" in receiving a dollar for a pair of gloves—nor the publishers of this *Weekly* any reluctance to be paid five cents for every copy they produce—nor the clergy for being supported in return for their services, there is no reason why an author should suffer from such scruples.

The tough and fair-haired Thomas H. Benton used to be troubled by the same "painful delicacy" of which our correspondent speaks. He used to deliver lectures for which he declined *payment*; but if the society chose to present him two hundred dollars as an *honorarium—!* On the whole, do you think a rose would smell as sweet if it were called cabbage?

"What you want is fame—not money," said a shrewd old publisher to a young author; and, of course, every publishing house has a much larger balance of the former than of the latter to draw against. And it is a kind of draft we all draw most willingly. So the discriminating friend says to the same young author, "This book ought to be very popular. I have no doubt it will sell like a house afire." "How many copies shall I put you down for?" inquires young author. "Oh! ah! yes! really I have so many books on my list unread—!"

Now every ardent young author does undoubtedly dream of fame, but he does not expect to feed on his dreams while he is making the journey. So a religious enthusiast sets out upon a pilgrimage to our Lady of Loretto, with hard peas in his shoes. The wise old neighbor who went to Loretto when he was young, and who always boils his peas before starting, says to the enthusiast, "That's it: good-by. What you want is getting to Loretto, not something to eat."

How shall a pilgrim reach Loretto without something to eat? How shall a man get fame if he starves while he is working for it? Honest work of whatever kind should be honestly paid: and the last person who should feel "painful delicacy" in being paid for work is he whose labor blesses the mind and the heart. It would not be worth while for Government to keep a great cotton dealer from failing; but it would be worth while for it to keep a great poet from starving.

NOBLE CRITICS.

We are certainly unfortunate in two ways in this country. One is in the kind of English noblemen that come to see us; and, secondly, in the intense snobbery which koo-toos before them while they are here. That they should go home and show themselves to be what they are, is not surprising. But it is a great misfortune that we will not see them to be what they are when they are on our soil.

Last year a Lord Ribblesdale and a Lord Radstock honored us with their company. They went home, and the next news that we have of them is that one was implicated in some trial for crim. con., and the other delivers a lecture upon America, of which the ignorance is not even amusing, but unpardonably dull.

Now there is, *a priori*, a presumption in favor of a nobleman. He is descended from ancestors whose name is a matter of pride. He has advantages of cultivation and of social polish. He has, as a nobleman, a chance at high political career. These advantages predispose a stranger to believe that he will be a pleasant man and a profitable companion. But experience is gradually annihilating this theory, and it now appears that nothing can be taken for granted; and that a nobleman must be supposed to be as ill-bred and stupid as other people until he proves the contrary.

Is there, then, no way of exterminating the toads that we serve up so profusely in honor of these gentlemen when they come?

There are certain people among us who keep up a whole preserve of the reptiles ready fatted for use. They have them as landlords in the Tyrol keep tanks of trout, and when the illustrious stranger arrives they are caught and cooked. When old Gunnybags sends a note asking a man to dinner, "to meet Lord Chimpanzee," he ought to put in the corner of the note "TOADS," as they put "cards" in the corner of evening invitations. Then we should know what we are going to eat.

And when Gunnybags arrives in London, Lord Chimpanzee will call immediately, will he not? and ask a few of the Dukes and Marquises to breakfast, to meet S. Gunnybags, Esquire, from the United States. Or, being a Lord, he will lecture, will he not? and say that Americans pick their teeth with the heels of their boots, and that they are devoured by a secret doubt of their political principles.

Was it not the worthy Lord Radstock who, at the Burns' Supper in Boston, kept talking of "the great Webster," and calling him Timothy, or Darius, or something else, which showed that he was as familiar with what he was talking about as he was with the early kings of Egypt? So far as appears, the only claim he had to be at the Supper and make a speech was that he was a Lord. That is a reason which is rapidly ceasing to count. And our English friends ought to be made aware that, if these gentlemen go home and make fun of us, it is not until they have covered the English name with ridicule in America.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—"ALF STUART" will find a letter to his address in the Chicago Post-Office.

—X. Z. K. The Lounger will try to find room for your very spirited lyric.

—TWO CONSTANT READERS. The expression is in Nicholas Rowe's "Fair Penitent," Act. V., Sc. I.:

"Is this that haughty, gallant, *gay Lothario?*"

—INQUIRER asks, who first used the expression, "A Power behind the throne greater than the throne itself?"

—C. M. In French to say simply, "Thank you," is to decline.

—L. H. I. To publish what you say about the "ill-fated *Pacific*" would only excite unpleasant feeling to no possible purpose.

—Here is a genuine letter, from which only three words are omitted which might serve to identify the city from which it is written, and so bring ridicule upon the author. It is a case, probably, beyond advice; but the best possible method for the writer to pursue is to print his poems and ascertain if the world recognizes them as modeled upon Tennyson and Longfellow, and as equal to the poems of Wallace and Read—who does not spell his name with an *i*. If it does not, the next step to be advised is a gentle diffidence of his literary talent upon the part of the writer. Great genius may be audacious, and still succeed. Any thing less than genius will find modesty of the greatest service.

"I am a young man, possessed of literary talent, and believe myself fully competent to justify my putting that talent to account. The only branch in which I excel is that of poetry. None understand better the low market-value of this prolific species of composition, and I rely wholly upon my ability, or I would not trouble you with this application. If you wish to secure my services, as regular contributor to your *Magazine* or *Weekly*, I can afford no more assuring fact than this that Tennyson and Longfellow are my models, and that my productions will, at least, rank with those of T. B. Reid and W. Ross Wallace of New York; and, if it is your pleasure to consider this note as worthy an answer, I will, in the quality of my remittance, rest in proof of my assertion.

"Most respectfully yours."

—H. P. R. suggests that Mr. Lowe should take with him in his great air-ship an apparatus for generating hydrogen by means of sulphuric acid, water, and zinc—and makes Mr. Lowe welcome to the hint.—H. P. R. also wishes to know why, if the Sage of Brooklyn has picked up a piece of the aurora, he might not find a fragment of a rainbow, and "fill an order for pickled heat?"

THE EXILED PRINCES OF CENTRAL ITALY.

THE report, by the last steamer, that Napoleon III. has addressed a letter to the King of Sardinia, insisting on the restoration of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena, while Parma is to be annexed to Piedmont, renews the public interest in the Princes whose future is thus about to be definitely settled. On the following page we give, therefore, their portraits; and the short sketch below will place the reader in possession of the leading facts in their lives.

The Duchess Louise, Regent of Parma during the minority of her son, Robert I. (who was born July 9, 1848), is a daughter of the last Duke de Berry. After the assassination of her husband, the last reigning Duke, Ferdinand Charles III., the Duchess Louise assumed the government. Four months thereafter (in July, 1854), she was nearly expelled, in a popular uprising, but was preserved by the troops, who adhered to her cause. They remained true to her also in the disturbances which followed the outbreak of the recent Italian war, and the Duchess had, by their help, already quelled the popular disturbances, when the fatal issue of the battle of Magenta compelled her to fly. The Duchess has four children—Robert I., the heir to the throne; Margaret, born January 1, 1847; Alice, born December 27, 1849; and Henry, Count de Bardi, born February 12, 1851.

The Grand Duke Ferdinand IV. of Tuscany, was born on June 10, 1835. He is a descendant of two of the oldest dynasties of Europe; his father, Leopold II., being of the House of Hapsburg, while his mother, Antonia, Princess of the Two Sicilies, was a Bourbon. Ferdinand has never ruled, though he has for some years taken part in the government of his father, Leopold, who made himself obnoxious to his people by various oppressive measures, and a persistent enmity toward all popular or progressive action. The New-Year's Speech of Napoleon III. to Baron Hübner alarmed Leopold, and he sent his family to Rome and Naples, with the purpose of establishing a more intimate bond of union with those States. While on this journey Ferdinand lost his duchess, who died suddenly at Naples, February 10, 1859. On the outbreak of the war Leopold was asked by his subjects to abdicate in favor of his son, and refusing this, was compelled to fly the land. How it might have gone with Ferdinand, had he acted prudently, it is impossible to tell; but he committed the fatal error of gathering an army of hirelings in Modena, with whom to reconquer Tuscany when Austria should have gained some decided victory against the Allies. The defeat of Austria made Ferdinand's scheme of no avail; and, dismissing his troops, he has since visited Paris, to ask aid of Napoleon III. But the Emperor has given him neither aid nor answer. Ferdinand has but one daughter by his deceased duchess. He has three brothers—Charles, born 1839; Louis, born 1847; and John Nepomuk, born 1852.

Francis V., Duke of Modena, was born June 1, 1819, and began to reign January 21, 1846. His father, Francis IV., was one of the most violent conservatives and most unscrupulous men in Europe. While reigning Duke he affiliated with the *Carbonari*, the secret political societies of Italy, but only to betray their secrets and destroy their membership. In his organ, the *Voice of Truth*, he continually advocated the strongest measures against popular liberty and enlightened progress; and it was his chief pride that he was the only European prince who never recognized Louis Philippe as king of France. The son of this old fogy was educated by Jesuits, and surrounded by bigoted priests from his earliest youth. Since his accession to the throne he has shown himself a worthy successor of his father—an Absolutist and a tyrant to the extent of his power. The news of the battle of Magenta forced him to fly, but he took with him his troops—8000 men—with whose aid he is now awaiting the turn of events, and hopes to win back his throne.

While the Princes are waiting the pleasure of their Royal and Imperial cousins, their liberated people have decided for themselves never voluntarily to take them back. Their dynasties were publicly and solemnly disinherited—in Modena on the 19th of August, in Florence on the 20th of August, and in Parma on the 10th of September of the present year; and all three States have chosen Victor Emanuel of Sardinia as their ruler, and his laws as their laws.

Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

No. V.

SUNDAY IN CHATHAM STREET.

CHATHAM STREET, on Sunday, is full of life. Its sidewalks teem with wayfarers wandering restlessly about, some seeking pastime, many absorbed in profoundest business thoughts. Upon the corners gather groups of earnest debaters. In one place a dozen idlers give heed to the words of a hoarse-voiced gentleman in a red shirt and rolled-up black trowsers, whose hat-rim rests defiantly upon his right eyebrow, shading his grim features with a deeper gloom, and whose sleeves, ready-tucked, give evidence of his full preparation for any quarrelsome emergency. Through his closely-set teeth he propounds grave principles. He lays bare his political heart. He demonstrates beyond all question that the success of the popular party in the approaching struggle depends upon the amplest recognition of "forty's fellers," or some such numerically specified organization. He declares, with an emphasis that sends rivulets of tobacco juice from the corners of his mouth, to flow unhindered until lost in the beard upon his chin, that the aforesaid "fellers knows what's up; and if any other fellers thinks no, they can man their brakes, and see which'll jerk the best stream; for his fellers don't give up to no other fellers, by de jingo, any way." After concluding his oration, he pauses a while for a reply, which by-standers, having noticed his knuckles, hesitate to offer. He then turns aside, and, leaning confidingly upon a lamp-post, summons one of the swarm of youthful speculators, whose occupation is the improvement of the understanding, and to whom the poet has neatly alluded:

> "How doth the little busy boy
> Improve each *shining* hour."

and intrusts to him, one by one, his booted feet. As the polish grows to perfection he smiles content, until suddenly perking his experienced ear in the direction of the City Hall, he hears the rustle of the machinery which precedes the bell-stroke, and, shouting exultant, oversets the little boot-stand, and dashes away in hope of being first among his "Yellers" to clutch the rope of his beloved machine, while the young distributer of lustre, in desperation at the loss of his dime, waits until the defaulter has attained a sufficient distance, and then hurls shrill and inelegant denunciations after him. The crowd, too, released from the thralldom of personal fear, utter offensive remarks concerning their late orator, disclaim all acquiescence in his opinions, and even go so far as to pronounce "forty's fellers" a set of knaves.

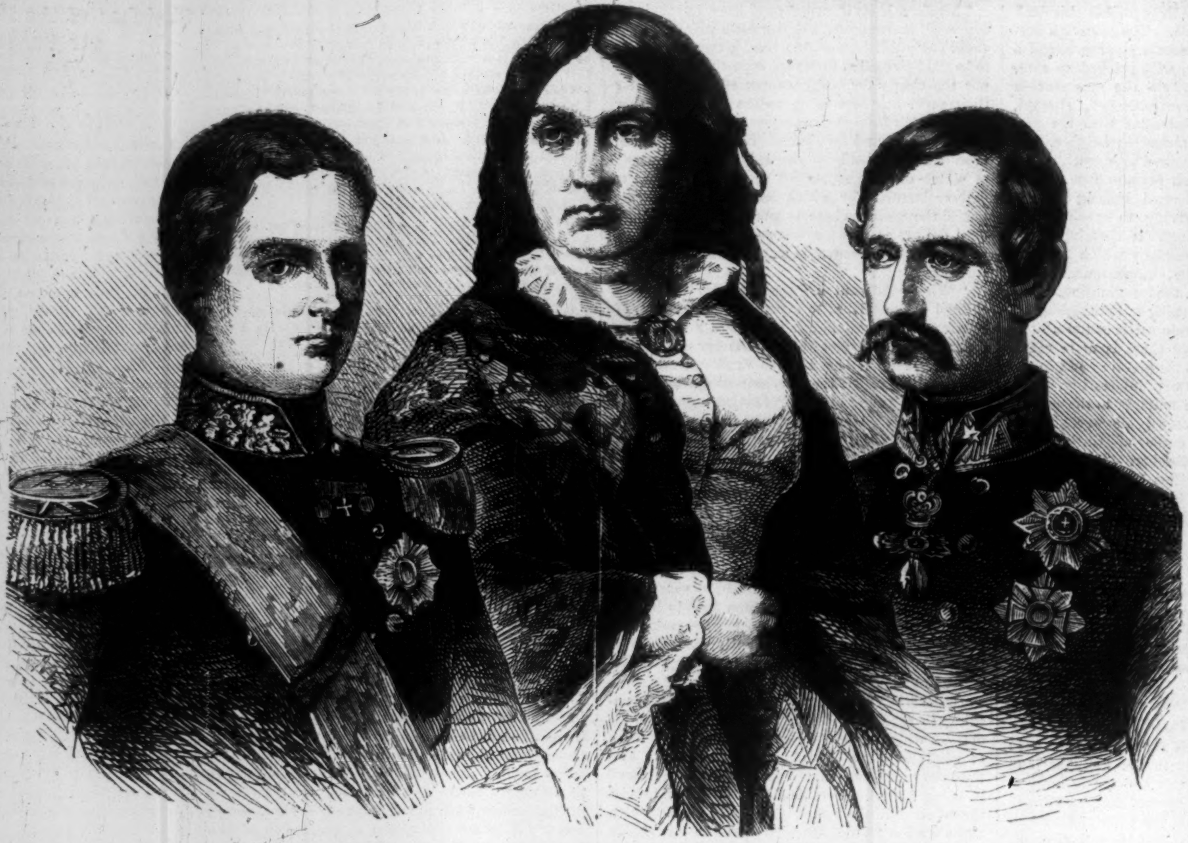
Similar gatherings, noisy in greater or less degree, are every where seen. By one, the character and temper of the new policeman just stationed in the neighborhood, and who has not yet accustomed himself to its little ways, are discussed in terms unfavorable to him, and in a manner calculated to injure his self-respect, until he turns a corner close by, when the voices of discontent are hushed, and lowering eyes speak silent animosity. Along the gutters children disport, much tattered as to raiment, and with faces smeared with mud and taffy, the latter accumulated from a cook-shop over opposite during the momentary absence of the proprietor. There is a Babel-like confusion of tongues. Much German, some French, more Irish, a little Hebrew, and a great deal of variously-broken English are simultaneously heard. It seems curious that so many extremes should meet here. It is, in fact, the central spot, the point of assemblage, where denizens of all the surrounding narrow and ill-adjusted streets unite. From the west, a few steps away, the "Points" pour their quintuple concentration of vagrancy, comprehending many representatives of Ireland and a few of France. From the east emerge members of the Germanic Confederation, less noisome to the eye, and more decent to the ear. Penetrate for a little distance any of these tributary thoroughfares—one leading to the Points, for instance—and you will see strange sights. You will hear strange sounds. You will smell strange smells. Half-naked mothers, with infants in their arms, lying in open door-ways, oblivious to outside occurrences by reason of early potations, and unable to remonstrate with success against the rough feet that sometimes trample over them. Cellars, from which issue together foul odors and inharmonious chantings, not expressive of sobriety. Passages crowded with frowzy young women, vying in audacious repartee with delighted lads near at hand. Fisticuff displays between prize-ring candidates, opening in pleasantry, and terminating in wrath. Children reveling in scattered piles of slimy soil.

The Jewish infusion in this community is supplied by Chatham Street itself. A look at the signs upon the houses and over the shop doors would show this at once. You see nothing but Isaacs and Israels and kindred names, slightly bereft, in some cases, of their full Hebraic force by a terminating twist of German aspect, but still unmistakably Jewish. Some of the signs are irregular and of fantastic import. One announces that "The Original Jacob" may be found within, at present a dealer in fancy jewelry. You do not believe, at all, that he is the Jacob you have read about, and are convinced that the only ladder he dreams of is the ladder to riches. Another dealer calls himself the "Genuine and Original Cheap John;" and, as he stands in his shop window, you think he looks very much as if he might be just that. Another has a profusion of Hebrew inscriptions over his door, as though it were necessary thus to give positive public assurance of his nationality. And many proclaim, in largest gilded letters, that in matters of enterprise, liberality, honesty, and so forth, they stand eminent above all competitors, which, for quiet humor, strikes you as unapproachable.

Sunday, among the Israelites here, is the busiest and most exciting day of the week. As it is to them no Sabbath, they are untouched by conscientious compunctions, and give themselves up to lucrative pursuits.

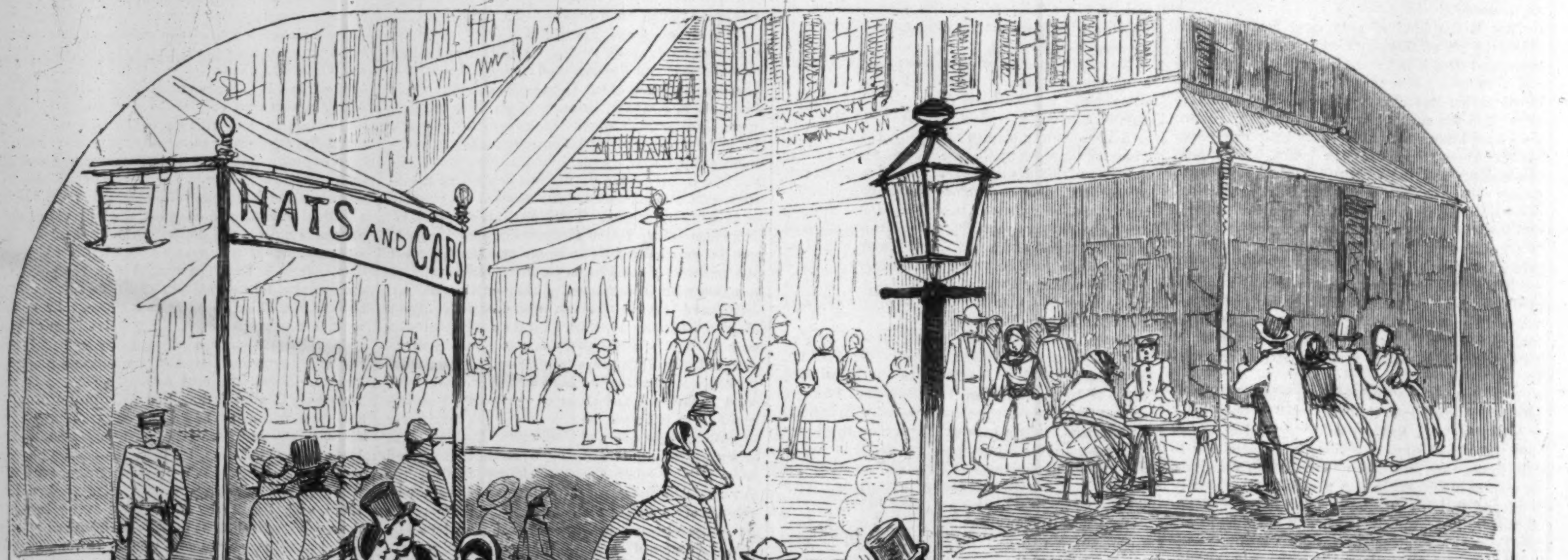
At first sight the current of trade seems to have but one unvarying course. The entire business spirit appears to turn upon the buying and selling of clothing. Garments ready fashioned, of all varieties, adorn the walls and windows. Trowsers float languidly overhead, and shaggy over-coats, with outstretched arms, embrace the passing breezes. Only the closest investigation reveals that other departments of trade exist; and, indeed, they are very few. A limited supply of coffins, cheap, and dingily characteristic of the locality, is exposed for sale. The dealer glares grimly upon the familiar passers-by, as if calculating upon the amount of custom they will all eventually bring him. There are also one or two Daguerreotype establishments, in which the neighbors sometimes get their ugliness ineffaceably stamped at the lowest rates of physiognomical transmission. Cigar merchants, to the number of half a dozen, offer for sale their cloud-compelling wares. But all these minor institutions are absorbed and lost in the multitudinous array of clothing-stands which stretch out before the view, a deep, unbroken vista. Of the separate stalls that together make up this vast aggregation, each is a curious study. Every one is modeled after the same pattern. You see a close and contracted apartment, full of deformed angles and queer disjointed corners, of which the floor is so thickly incrusted with dirt as to reduce still farther its already too limited dimensions. In a remote corner sits cosily the antique proprietor, calmly sleeping, and dreaming, no doubt, of huge sales and measureless profits. His hair, which nature would prefer to have white, but which habits of unbroken years have tinged with an unpleasant earthy hue, drops in tangled shreds over his wrinkled forehead. His eyes, though closed, seem to glisten even under their lids with leers of complacent self-approval. His nose, prodigious as to bulk, and unhealthily pinkish as to color, rests comfortably upon his chin, and gushes forth snores of satisfaction. His pendulous lips roll and quiver, as if preparing for a lusty smack over the remembrance of some acutely driven bargain. His hands, too, which are folded over his lap, are rubbing nervously together—itching, no doubt, for the beloved touch of lucre more or less filthy. Altogether a worthy fellow, no doubt, but on the whole, perhaps, not over-agreeable to gaze at. A woman, apparently his wife, serves purchasers while he reposes. The shop is well stocked with goods. Shelves from floor to ceiling are jammed full, and hooks depending from every cross-beam are overhung, with articles of apparel. These are all placarded with brief inscriptions setting forth particulars of style and price in most attractive gilded characters. A coat of remote origin, once white, but now of many colors, is designated, "Our Taste Exactly," and is set down as valued at eight dollars. This seems to be a standard price. Nether garments, with decorative bands so broad that the wearer would appear to carry on his legs a pair of stripes, with trowsers attached, rather than the ordinary opposite, are surmounted with the printed information, "Will just suit you." Other equally eccentric labels are shown, as "The Fox Cut," "The Slankum," "Utah," "My Chum," "Captain Joe's," "Our Machine," "Just the Cut," "Rich," "Dashing," "Becoming," and many more similarly startling. One vest is proclaimed to be the "Edwin Forest" style. It appears to you well named, for it is loud and splashy, not to say splurgy, and its heavy borders of deepest red forcibly suggest the pats of paint which form the principal element of that distinguished tragedian's pathos.

The hum of traffic is incessant. Voices of clothes vendors calling in loud tones to the populace to walk into their shops, after the manner of the Spider and the Fly; querulous remonstrances against extortion by outwitted purchasers; stern vows of vengeance from the lips of victims; fierce expostulations, often rising to angry tumults entailing physical exercises on the part of the police, all blend in chaotic confusion. The clamor swells throughout the day. Toward evening it subsides. The shops are closed. The salesmen turn their steps to the Bowery, where the Stadt Theatre and the beer gardens await them. Many of their customers go and do likewise; and many, perhaps the greater number, adhere to the more immediate vicinity, and breathe the more congenial atmosphere which settles over the Five Points.

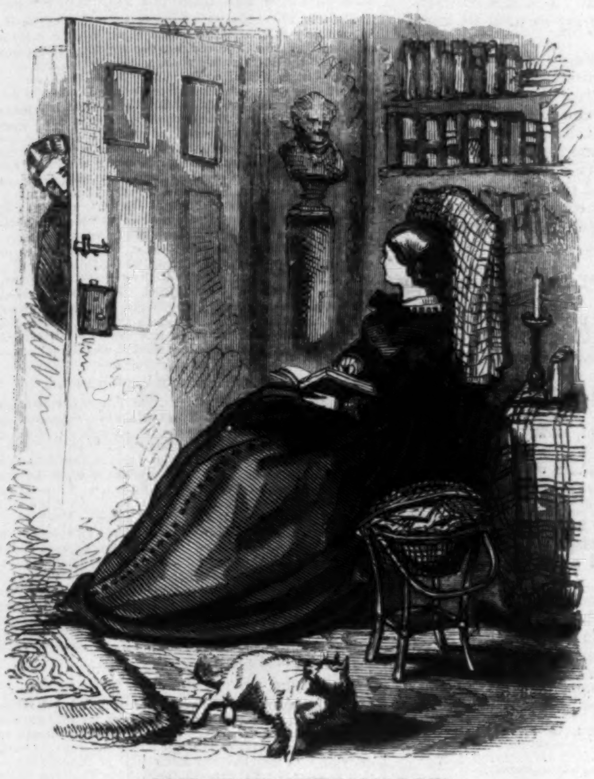


FERDINAND IV., GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY. LOUISE, GRAND DUCHESS OF PARMA. FRANCIS V., DUKE OF MODENA.

THE EXILED SOVEREIGNS OF THE ITALIAN DUCHIES.—[See preceding Page.]



CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK, ON SUNDAY.



"GOOD-BY, MR. NEWT, GOOD-BY!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXV.

GOOD-BY!

SINCE her removal to New York Hope Wayne had not often met Abel Newt. Engaged in the many duties and pleasures of a secluded life, she had resisted all the efforts made to draw her into the vortex of fashion and the world. From the Round Table, at which she sat with her particular friends, she looked at the great, grotesque spectacle of Society—the flare, the feathers, the flirtation, the eagerness, the chagrin, the masks inflexibly gilded into smiles and worn by such melancholy faces, the vague expectation of a substance as splendid as the promise and the show, the gratification of taste, of sentiment, of sense, the soft excitement of guileless youth, the affectation of premature fatigue, the solemn, sarcastic comment of increasing years, the hopes, the regrets, the romance, the quiet love, the genuine heroism, the cheerful sympathy, the humor, wit, intelligence—she looked at them all—she heard the music of the vows, the protestations, the sound of sighing and sharp complaint—"Yes, yes," she seemed to say, "I know that you are sparkling, that coral caves gleam beneath, and sea anemones cling to emerald rocks—but thank you! I have sailed upon your bright bosom, and oh! I was so sea-sick!"

In the street sometimes she met Abel, who bowed low and stared at her with black eyes. She bent and passed on, but not without remarking how, in the long intervals, the youth had ceased to be young, and the man was already old—how the care of appearance declined, and the cheek was heavier and more haggard, the eye restless and discolored—how the step lost its lounging ease or elastic bound, and became shuffling, hurried, reckless. She never passed him unconsciously—never without a secret melancholy—yet as impersonal as the sadness born of a November day. Hope Wayne could not forget that in that form—but how different then!—had been incarnated the first being she had loved. It was he—it was not he—it never was he—so she felt—had long felt, without ever saying it to herself. She sometimes shuddered, often wondered, always pitied—and bending toward him, passed on.

The happy hours of her life were the visits of Lawrence Newt. The sound of his voice in the hall, of his step on the stair, gave her a sense of profound peace. Often, as she sat at table with Mrs. Simcoe, in her light morning-dress, and with the dew of sleep yet fresh upon her cheeks, she heard the sound, and her heart seemed to stop and listen. Often, as time wore on, and the interviews were longer and more delayed, she was conscious that the gaze of her old friend became curiously fixed upon her whenever Lawrence Newt came. Often, in the tranquil evenings, when they sat together in the pleasant room, Hope Wayne cheerfully chatting, or sewing, or reading aloud, Mrs. Simcoe looked at her so wistfully—so as if upon the point of telling some strange story—that Hope could not help saying, brightly, "Out with it, aunty." But as the younger woman spoke the resolution glimmered away in the eyes of her companion, and was succeeded by a yearning, tender pity.

Still Lawrence Newt came to the house, to consult, to inspect, to bring bills that he had paid, to hear of a new utensil for the kitchen, to see about coal, about wood, about iron, to look at a dipper, at a faucet—he knew every thing in the house by heart, and yet he did not know how or why. He wanted to come—he thought he came too often. What could he do?

Hope sang as she sat in her chamber, as she read in the parlor, as she went about her house, doing her nameless, innumerable household duties. Her voice was rich and full and womanly; and the singing was not the fragmentary, sparkling gush of good spirits, and the mere overflow of a happy temperament; it was a deep, sweet inward music, as if a woman's soul were intoning a woman's thoughts, and as if the woman were at peace.

But the face of Mrs. Simcoe grew sadder and sadder as Hope's singing was sweeter and sweeter, and significant of utter rest. The look in her eyes of something imminent, of something that even trembled on her tongue, grew more and more marked. Hope Wayne brightly said, "Out with it, aunty," and sang on.

Amy Waring came often to the house. She was older than Hope, and it was natural that she should be a little graver. They had a hundred plans in concert for helping a hundred people. Amy and Hope were a charitable society.

"Fiddle diddle!" said Aunt Dagon, when she was speaking of his two friends to her nephew Lawrence. "Does this brace of angels think that virtue consists in making shirts for poor people?"

Lawrence looked at his aunt with the inscrutable eyes, and answered slowly,

"I don't know that they do, Aunt Dagon; but I suppose they don't think it consists in *not* making them."

"Phew!" said Mrs. Dagon, tossing her cap-strings back pettishly. "I suppose they expect to make a kind of rope-ladder of all their charity-garments, and climb up into heaven that way!"

"Perhaps they do," replied Lawrence, in the same tone. "They have not made me their confidant. But I suppose that even if the ladder doesn't reach, it's better to go a little way up than not to start at all."

"There! Lawrence, that comes of your not going to church. If you would just try to be a little better man, and go to hear Dr. Maundy preach, say once a year," said Mrs. Dagon, sarcastically, "you would learn that it isn't good works that are the necessary thing."

"I hope, Aunt Dagon," returned Lawrence, laughing—"I really hope that it's good words, then, for your sake. My dear aunt, you ought to be satisfied with believing that it isn't good works, and showing that you believe it. If charity be a sin, Miss Amy Waring and Miss Hope Wayne are dreadful sinners. But then, Aunt Dagon, what a saint you must be!"

Mrs. Dagon sniffed and was silent, and Lawrence Newt left her.

He stopped at Hope Wayne's, and sat with her for a long time in her library, or, as she called it, her office.

"I am the man of the house," she said, "and my place of business is an office."

In the office they sat together for a long time. Mrs. Simcoe sat in the parlor opposite, with the door open. She held in her hand the golden locket with the glossy curl which she had shown to Lawrence Newt at Pinewood, and her body slowly swayed over it, while she held it, as it did in the old library. The severity of her face was permanently softened, and as she looked at the miniature her expression was rather of tender melancholy, and even forgiveness, than poignant pain.

Hope had been at a loss to comprehend her aunty's conduct in speaking of Lawrence Newt. Very carefully and remotely Mrs. Simcoe had sometimes spoken of him and his solitary life. She alluded by implication to his age. She mentioned him casually, when fit occasion offered, as a man who had lived his life, of course, and had no other future than a tranquil age and death. Not too often—never suddenly—never too vehemently—but carefully, tenderly, passively, the words were dropped; the process was as invisible and noiseless as the consumption of oxygen in the air by leaves at night. But it was a process of poisoning. It was a process that might, that has, a thousand times gradually smothered what can only breathe and thrive in the purest air.

Very carefully, very tenderly was it all done; but every hint, every suggestion, every implication of Mrs. Simcoe's had struck upon Hope Wayne's heart like a thunder-peal. Did Mrs. Simcoe not know that the heart is sometimes a whispering gallery, and that every whisper roars?

But Hope from her cradle had seen a cloud of mystery wrapping her aunty, so she smiled involuntarily when she was with her, and looked grave unconsciously when she was alone; for she did not like to have the cloud dip down upon Lawrence Newt. And so it happened that in those chatting, reading, sewing evenings she herself sometimes looked as if there were something imminent on her tongue too; but Mrs. Simcoe did not see it.

She sat now waiting patiently for the door of the library to open. There was a placid air of resolution in her sad and anxious face, as if she were only awaiting the moment when she should disburden her heart of the weight it had so long secretly carried. There was entire silence in the house. The rich curtains, the soft carpet, the sumptuous furniture—every object on which the eye fell seemed made to steal the sting from sound; and the noise of the street—the jarring of carts—the distant shriek of the belated milkman—the long, wavering, melancholy cry of the chimney-sweep—came hushed and indistinct into the parlor where the sad-eyed woman sat silently waiting.

At length the door opened and Lawrence Newt came out. He was going toward the front door, when Mrs. Simcoe rose and went into the hall, and said, "Stop a moment."

He turned, half smiled, but saw her face, and his own settled into its armor.

Mrs. Simcoe beckoned him toward the parlor; and as he went in she stepped to the library door and said—

"Hope, Mr. Newt and I are talking together in the parlor."

Hope bowed and made no reply. Mrs. Simcoe entered the other room and closed the door.

"Mr. Newt," she said, in a low voice, "you can not wonder that I am anxious."

He looked at her and made no reply.

"I know, perhaps, more than you know; not, I am sure, more than you suspect."

Lawrence Newt was a little troubled, but it was only evident in the quiet closing and unclosing of his hand.

They stood for a few moments without speaking. Then she opened the miniature, and when she saw that he observed it she said, very slowly,

"Is it quite fair, Mr. Newt?"

"Mrs. Simcoe," he replied, instantly, "you have not known me since I was a boy. I forgive you. Now tell me what you mean as you mean it."

His firm, low voice reassured her.

"Why do you come here so often?"

"To help Miss Hope."

"Is it necessary that you should come?"

"She wishes it."

"Why?"

He paused a moment. Mrs. Simcoe continued:

"Lawrence Newt, at least let us be candid with each other. By the memory of the dead—by the common sorrow we have known, there should be no cloud between us about Hope Wayne. I use your own words. Tell me what you feel as frankly as you feel it."

There was simple truth in the earnest face before him. While she was speaking she raised her hand involuntarily to her breast, and gasped as if she were suffocating. Her words were calm, and he answered—

"I waited, for I did not know how to answer—nor do I now."

"And yet you have had some impression—some feeling—some conviction. You know whether it is necessary that you should come—whether she wants you for an hour's chat, as an old friend—or—or"—she waited a moment and added—"or as something else."

As Lawrence Newt stood before her he remembered curiously his interview with Aunt Martha, but he could not say to Mrs. Simcoe what he had said to her.

"What can I say?" he asked at length in a troubled voice.

"Lawrence Newt, say if you think she loves you, and tell me," she said, drawing herself erect and back from him, as in the twilight of the old library at Pinewood, while her thin finger was pointed upward—"tell me, as you will be judged hereafter; me, to whom her mother gave her as she died, knowing that she herself loved you only."

Her voice died away, overpowered by emotion. She still looked at him, as he stood silent, and suspicion, incredulity, and scorn were mingled in her look, while her uplifted finger still shook, as if appealing to Heaven. Then she asked abruptly and fiercely,

"To which, in the name of God, are you false—the mother or the daughter?"

"Stop!" replied Lawrence Newt, in a tone so imperious that the hand of his companion fell at her side, and the scorn and suspicion faded from her eyes. "Mrs. Simcoe, there are things that even you must not say. You have lived alone with a great sorrow; you are too swift; you are unjust. Even if I had known what you ask about Miss Hope, I am not sure that I should have done differently. Certainly while I did not know—while, at most, I could only suspect, I could do nothing else. I have feared rather than believed — nor that, until very lately. Would it have been kind, or wise, or right to have staid away altogether, when, as you know, I constantly meet her at our little Club? Was I to say, 'Miss Hope, I see you love me, but I do not love you?' And what right had I to hint the same thing by my actions, at the cost of utter misapprehension and pain to her? Mrs. Simcoe, I do love Hope Wayne too tenderly, and respect her too truly, not to try to protect her against the sting of her own womanly pride. And so I have not staid away. I have not avoided a woman in whom I must always have so deep, so strange an interest. I have been friend and almost father, and never by a whisper, even, by a look, by a possible hint, have I implied any thing more."

His voice trembled as he spoke. He had no right to be silent any longer, and as he finished Mrs. Simcoe took his hand,

"Forgive me! I love her so dearly—and I too am a woman."

She sank upon the sofa as she spoke, and covered her face for a little while. The tears stole quietly down her cheeks. Lawrence Newt stood by her sadly, for his mind was deeply perplexed. They both remained for some time without speaking, until Mrs. Simcoe asked,

"What can we do?"

Lawrence Newt shook his head doubtfully.

"Do you think she knows?" she said, inquiringly. "I mean, do you think she supposes that you know?"

"I am not sure," he answered, "that she knows herself what she feels; and, if possible, she never must know. If it were only possible to make it seem impossible to her to feel so."

He spoke musingly.

"Then," he added, "if it be indeed as you think, and she knew all, the whole would pass away from her like a dream."

They were silent again. At length Mrs. Simcoe said:

"I will do it."

"What?" asked Lawrence.

"What I have been meaning to do for a long, long time," replied the other. "I will tell her the story."

An indefinable expression settled upon Lawrence Newt's face as she spoke.

"Has she never asked?" he inquired.

"Often; but I have always avoided telling."

"It had better be done. It is the only way. But I hoped it would never be necessary. God bless us all!"

He moved toward the door when he had finished, but not until he had shaken her warmly by the hand.

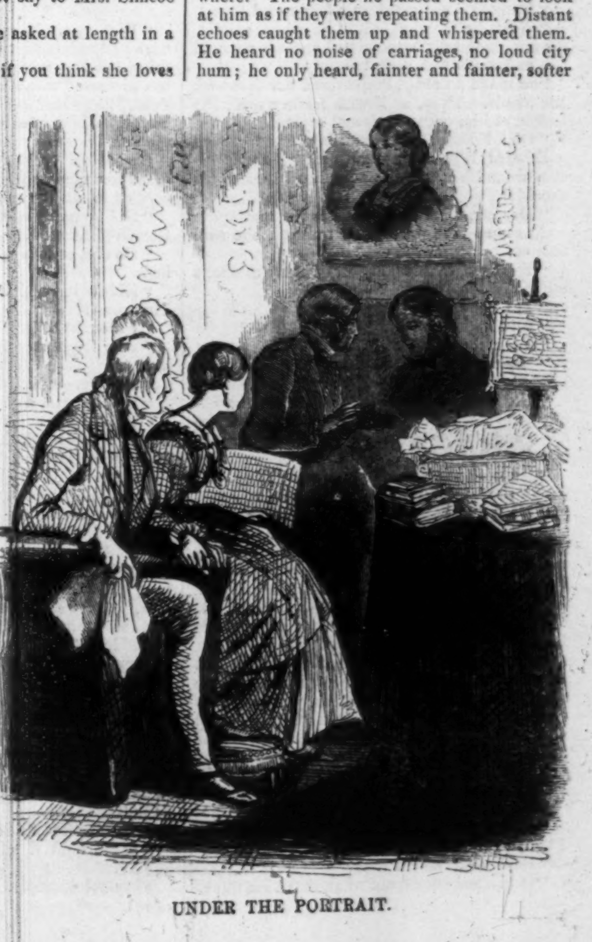
"You will come as before?" she said.

"Of course, there will not be the slightest change on my part. And, Mrs. Simcoe, remember that next week, certainly, I shall meet Miss Hope at Miss Amy Waring's. The meeting had better be there; so before then, please—"

He bowed and went out. As he passed the library door he involuntarily looked in. There sat Hope Wayne, reading; but as she heard him she raised the head of golden hair, the dewy cheeks, the thoughtful brow, and as she bowed to him the clear blue eyes smiled the words her tongue uttered—

"Good-by, Mr. Newt, good-by!"

The word followed him out of the door and down the street. The air rang with them every where. The people he passed seemed to look at him as if they were repeating them. Distant echoes caught them up and whispered them. He heard no noise of carriages, no loud city hum; he only heard, fainter and fainter, softer



UNDER THE PORTRAIT.

and softer, sadder and sadder, and ever following on, "Good-by, Mr. Newt, good-by!"

CHAPTER LXXVI.

SUPERSTITION.

AFTER Gerald Bennet and his wife had strolled away from the house in the moonlight, Edward Wynne and Ellen came in from their walk. The lamp was burning low, and the roses were blooming in the glass on the table. They seated themselves together and continued a conversation commenced outside.

"So you never knew her?" asked Ellen.

"Never."

"Poor Edward!" she said, kindly, and somehow her hand slid into his, and she laid her head on his shoulder under the heavy mass of black hair.

"Would nobody tell you any thing about her?" she asked.

"Nobody. Nobody knew any thing, except perhaps Lawrence Newt, and, somehow, I could never ask him," answered Edward. "Let me turn up the lamp, I can't see our picture," he added, rising, and going to the table.

They called it our picture because they had remarked that they always sat beneath it, as on the evening when Mr. and Mrs. Bennet had remarked them.

"Yes, *our* picture," he said, as he returned and seated himself, and looked at the handsome face in the portrait, "for it was under that that we—"

There was a sudden stopping of his mouth by the putting over it of the plumpest little hand, and a blushing of cheeks, and a smiling of eyes, and a meeting of the black curls and the fair hair.

"Are you not afraid to marry a man who never had a father or mother?" he asked.

"It isn't either of them that I marry," replied Ellen, smiling, and looking at him.

He was gazing thoughtfully at the portrait, the passionate, flashing face with the dark hair. But as if suddenly struck by pain, the thoughtfulness passed out of it, and his eyes too flashed, and he said to Ellen,

"I wonder why it is that I have an association of such pain with our picture—pain mingled with the pleasure? I don't see that there is the slightest reason for it, but every time I look at it I am reminded of something that took place long ago at school in Delafield. In fact, it was just after Gabriel came. It is very strange. I shall begin to be superstitious."

The youth with the swarthy skin and the great melancholy black eyes looked as if he might easily be so.

"Why, what is it, Edward?" asked Ellen.

"It was a scene, one evening, when a man was drowned. I merely remember that it was twilight, and that the big boys all took hold of the rope of the boat truck and pulled it down to the shore—and that the man was found. Jim Greenwich found him—and he was brought to the house under a cloak. I did not see him, none of us small boys saw him; but we saw the form of the dead man under the cloak."

His cheek turned pale as he spoke, and his eye was restless. Ellen, who was looking at him, suddenly looked more intently, took both of his hands in hers, and drawing a little back, as she sat, gazed alternately at him and at the portrait—felt herself, also, turn pale, and said:

"Edward, I am superstitious too. The picture *is* our picture in some mysterious way."

Releasing one hand, she playfully pushed his heavy curls behind his ears with the other, and started at the result.

"Edward!" she cried, in a frightened tone.

"Why, Nelly, what is it?" he asked, calmly, for her greater disturbance had entirely pacified his, and made him very curious.

She made no reply, but covered her face with her hands. Then, as if with fresher eyes, she looked at him once more, and saying,

"Oh! Edward," she burst into tears.

Edward Wynne was alarmed. He put his arm around her, and drew her head back to his shoulder.

"Darling, what is it? what is the matter?"

As soon as she felt herself tranquil, she said to him:

"You know that is the portrait of my mother's sister."

"Yes."

"And nothing more?"

"No, certainly not."

"Mother has never said any thing, nor Gabriel?"

"No, Nelly, I have been so busy finding out about the niece that I had not yet arrived at the aunt; and I know nothing about her or her portrait," replied Edward, cheerfully.

Ellen did not immediately say any thing. At length she began:

"It's a sad story, and I don't know much about it. I merely know that she died a great many years ago, and that there was something very unhappy in her story. But—but—just now I saw that you looked just like her portrait, and it frightens me."

"My darling, she has black hair and so have I—that is all you see."

"No, no! There was a sort of expression. Likeness of feature is nothing. Likeness is in souls, not in features. Besides, you said that you had some superstition about it, because you always thought of certain things when you looked at it. There! there! that's what I mean! You are looking now just as the face in the portrait looks."

Edward Wynne smiled.

"My superstitions are very harmless affairs, Ellen. I have had others in my life."

"Have you? about what?"

"It is about whom, not what, that I am thinking."

"Well, about whom?" asked Ellen, eagerly.

"Let me see. Do you know Mr. Abel Newt?"

"Yes."

"'Twas about him.'

"What was it?"

"Oh! it goes back to school again. I used to watch him and hear him talk, and I thought he was a bad fellow"

Ellen laughed at Edward's simplicity.

"I don't think that shows wonderful superstition," she said. "I've often thought so without having been at school with him."

"Oh yes; but I don't mean that. I mean that somehow his badness was mixed up with me, or would be."

The smile faded from Ellen's eyes.

"Don't say so, Edward," she said, half anxiously. "After all, superstitions are very foolish things. Don't you think so?"

"Amen!" said Edward. "So please not to think that I look like your aunt's portrait."

"Yes—but, Edward, you do."

"Superstition is a foolish thing."

"Yes, but this isn't superstition."

"Well, but that isn't superstition."

"Edward, you are a little cross to-night."

"Ellen, you are a good deal unjust to-night. You really seem to be a little afraid of me, because I look like your aunt's portrait."

"Edward, you are not kind."

"Ellen, you are unreasonable."

There was a moment of painful silence. The next instant she was sobbing on his shoulder, and his eyes were singularly humid. Then they both laughed out.

"What children!" said he.

"Geese!" said she.

The door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Bennet came in.

"We're waiting for you, mamma," said Ellen, slipping a little away from Edward.

"Oh! you're waiting, are you?" replied Mrs. Bennet, as she threw off her shawl, and with the dear old smile upon her face that Ellen remembered as long as she remembered her mother; and she often sighed to think how plainly she should remember it long and long after she saw it no more.

"Waiting is very tedious business, Edward," said Mr. Bennet to the young man, as he seated himself and turned to Edward with a half humorous light in his eyes.

"Life is a discipline, Sir," answered the young man, with mock gravity.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennet's eyes met. They were thinking of the home they had just left; of the son and daughter they had seen there. But as if to suggest something to her husband by saying something else to her daughter, Mrs. Bennet said to Ellen,

"May was very lovely to-night."

"To think of her being Abel's sister!" replied Ellen.

"Yes, but, my dear, one perfect rose in a garden is a great deal."

"How unkind it is to transplant it, Master Gabriel!" cried Edward Wynne to Gabriel, who had opened the door the moment before, and heard what his father had said.

"Pity begins at home, Sir, with charity," replied Gabriel, gayly. "So, Rose," he said, bowing to Ellen, "please don't budge—don't connive at unkindness."

"Gabriel, dear, your father said *one* perfect rose. Some gardens that I know have two," said his mother.

The happy tears were in her eyes. Gabriel solemnly arose, and stepping up into his chair, made a profound obeisance to his mother.

Then he went up to her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Will you tell me, my mother," said he, "why all mammas try to spoil their sons? Nothing but the native vigor of my constitution has preserved me, I am sure. And I don't believe," he added, half smiling, "that my future brother-in-law, Abel Newt, thinks that I am not spoiled."

He looked serious again: and when Ellen asked her mother where she had been she was obliged to tell the story of the evening.

"Did he really call you the reverend Gabriel Bennet?" asked Edward.

"He did, certainly," answered Gabriel, smiling.

"Didn't it recall that battle at the gate of Pinewood?"

"I thought of it."

"How frightened I was!" said Edward, smiling.

"You were a little boy."

"Yes, but you were not a very large one."

One question and reminiscence led to another, until, at length, Edward and Gabriel drew off together, and sat earnestly conversing under the portrait. Gabriel was telling him what he had heard of Abel's political intentions.

The parents and daughter sat chatting upon the sofa, their eyes turned toward the two young men. As Gabriel's recital proceeded the face of Little Malacca, as his friend always called him, slid through the whole gamut of expression. He was amused, surprised, interested, and indignant by turns.

Suddenly Ellen seized each parent by a hand, as they sat, and bent her head beckoningly and almost imperceptibly toward her brother and lover. The eyes of the father and mother obeyed, and could not help seeing the strange and startling likeness of Edward, whose hair was still partially pushed behind his ears, to the face of the portrait over him.

"Do you see it?" she breathed, almost inaudibly.

They shook their heads assentingly.

"What does it mean? Why does he look like her?"

They did not reply. They did not know themselves.

"A coincidence, dear," said Mrs. Bennet.

"We've no right to say so until we know," whispered Ellen.

"But, my dear, likenesses are showing themselves all the time," murmured her mother.

"But when they are real likenesses they mean something. I don't mean resemblance of color or curves; I mean a likeness of soul," returned Ellen, full of energy, and resolved to know.

It was very curious to watch the living head of the young man and the painted one of the young woman. They could not remove their eyes. Ellen was more and more excited.

"Mother."

"Yes, Ellen."

"You know Edward knows nothing of his father or mother."

Mrs. Bennet turned pale. Ellen did not see it, because she was looking at her lover. Mrs. Bennet turned pale because she was so suddenly struck by two things she had known and had never put together. Her husband heard, too, with dreaming eyes.

"Why not?" he said, slowly and quietly, in a low whisper.

Ellen sat upright, white and cold; for her father implied in two words all that lay unsaid, but a fully formed suspicion in her mind. She put her mouth close to her mother's ear.

"Why not?" she whispered, as if the words came unwillingly and would hardly be pronounced.

'What then?" asked Edward, in so loud a voice that Ellen started from the sofa. He was so deeply interested in what he was hearing that his voice unconsciously rose out of the level low tone in which they were talking.

Mr. Bennet smiled and took his daughter's hand as she sank back to her seat.

"Ellen, the question is answered—What then?"

LITERARY.

KATE FELTON; OR, A PEEP AT REALITIES, by Mrs. Weston, is an interesting story just published by subscription by the son of the author, Mr. E. P. Weston. Mrs. Weston is an agreeable writer; her story, the main incidents of which are real, is calculated to become popular. The author is a Christian woman, who enjoys the esteem of such men as Revs. Jonathan Leavitt, Joel Parker, and others.

Two handsome steel engravings of Washington and Everett, with a view of Mount Vernon, have been published by O. H. Bailey & Co., of 543 Broadway. The Washington is from Houdon's statue. Both engravings are handsome works of art.

Our venerable friend, Dr. Francis, has published, in pamphlet form, an admirable and appreciative sketch of Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, the distinguished physician, and perhaps we may say philosopher. No one knew him better. No one could have done the work as gracefully and judiciously. Dr. Francis occasionally contributes a paper of this kind to our historical and biographical treasures, and we trust he may live long to be, as he now is, a constant referee on historical and learned points, both in his own profession and in reference to the worthies of New York in past time.

The publishing trade is apparently prosperous. We can hardly attempt to keep before our readers a very minute view of the literature of the day. As the fall advances, our table is loaded down with new books and the summer accumulation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

STATE ELECTIONS.

STATE elections took place on Tuesday in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Louisiana. The result in this State is not yet certain, though it is probable that the Republican candidates have been elected by a small majority. In New Jersey, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, and Illinois the Republicans have been successful. It is yet too soon to speak positively with regard to Louisiana.

THE STATE ELECTION IN DOUBT.

We read in the Albany *Argus* of November 11:

"There is more uncertainty about the election of that part of the Republican State ticket not adopted by the Americans than the first reports led us to suppose. There is at least a possibility of the election of Jones as Secretary of State, and we suppose the other Democratic candidates adopted on the Utica ticket run about with him.

"We subjoin a table giving actual and estimated majorities on Jones and Leavenworth. We do not, of course, place any great reliance on these estimates, and they are liable to be greatly changed by the actual returns, but they show that the result is so close that we must await official returns for its determination.

	SECRETARY OF STATE.	
	Jones, Dem.	Leavenworth, Rep.
Majorities thus far..	44,732	45,007
Republican majority..................		275

The same counties last year, in the vote for Governor, gave the following majorities;

Parker, Dem..........................	39,021
Morgan, Repub........................	57,374
Republican majority..........	18,315

Per contra, we find in the Albany *Evening Journal* of the same day: "The vote, as indicated by the returns received, is so close on Secretary of State that we are still unable to speak, with any degree of certainty, of the result. From several counties we have merely reports, and from two or three only estimates, based upon the figures from a few towns. We have labored to keep down the Republican vote to as low a point as it can, by any reasonable supposition, be brought by the official returns, while we have been as liberal as possible with the democratic reports. And yet Mr. Leavenworth is 1691 ahead of Mr. Jones. We do not know how these figures can be reduced, while we hope in several counties to improve them.

"We confine our figures to Secretary of State, not only because Mr. Jones was on the Utica ticket, but because he is believed to run ahead of all his political associates. If he is beaten, all the Democratic candidates are beaten. If Mr. Leavenworth is elected, it is not deemed possible that any of the Republican candidates can be defeated.

"We still hope for the election of our entire State ticket; but it would be quite presumptuous to set up any such claims when the change of a few votes in each county might change the whole result on a portion of the ticket."

THE TRIAL OF THE HARPER'S FERRY OUTLAWS.

The trial of the Harper's Ferry conspirators is proceeding actively at Charlestown. On Saturday, the colored prisoner, William Copeland, was found guilty of the three counts of the indictment, upon which Brown was convicted: but a bill of exceptions was admitted, on the ground that a negro, not being, under the Dred Scott decision, a citizen of the United States, must be incapable of treason. The indictment against the prisoner Cooke was submitted to the Grand Jury on Monday. In the absence of that body, Andrew Stevens was brought to the bar, when Mr. Hunter, the prosecuting attorney, announced that after conference with Governor Wise, he was disposed to hand Stevens over to the Federal authorities, in order that his trial might elicit evidence, now in the hands of Government, incriminating "leading Abolitionists of the North." A conversation between the several counsel ensued, at the close of which Mr. Hunter consented to use the prisoner Haylett for this purpose; a decision eventually reversed at the request of Stevens, who preferred the higher tribunal. The case of Cooke, against whom a true bill was found, was taken up on Tuesday. After an opening speech by Mr. Harding, the counsel for the State produced in evidence a full confession of Cooke. A jury was impanneled, and the trial proceeded.

COOKE AND OTHERS CONVICTED.

The trial of John E. Cooke, the lieutenant of John Brown in the Harper's Ferry *émeute*, was commenced on Tuesday, in the Virginia Court at Charlestown. Cooke, upon arraignment, pleaded guilty to the charge of inciting slaves to insurrection. The Prosecuting Attorney immediately produced a long confession made by the prisoner, in which Dr. Howe, of Boston, and Frederick Douglass are clearly inculpated in the rising. The Court heard a repetition of the testimony given in the preceding cases. The trial was closed at Charlestown on Wednesday. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of his counsel, the jury rendered the verdict, guilty of murder and of exciting insurrection, and the Court overruled the prisoner's bill of exceptions. On Thursday the Court sentenced him, with Green, Coppic, and Copeland, to be hung on the 10th proximo. It is thought the sentence in regard to these four will be executed, but hopes are entertained that Brown will be respited until the meeting of the Legislature.

WHEN THE EXECUTION WILL TAKE PLACE.

The latest dispatch from Charlestown, dated November 11, says: "When the prisoners were brought out for sentence the negroes, Copeland and Green, declined to say any thing. Cooke and Coppic both addressed the Court, denying that they had any knowledge of Brown's intention to seize the Ferry until the Sunday previous, when they were called upon to take the oath of obedience to their commander. They expected to be punished, but did not think they should be hung. Hazlitt will not be tried until the May term of the Court. The negroes are to be hung on the morning of the 16th, and the whites during the afternoon of the same day."

A YANKEE AT CHARLESTOWN.

The *Herald* reporter says: "The circumstances attending the espionage upon strangers sometimes afforded much amusement. The following dialogue, which took place in the Court-house yard, between a stranger and one of the inhabitants, furnished an amusing illustration:

"STRANGER (*to Virginian*). 'What are you staring at?'

"VIRGINIAN. 'I am staring at you. What are you doing in this town?'

"STRANGER. 'What am I doing? I'm minding my business; and that's as much as any one man can do, I reckon.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'What is your business?'

"STRANGER. 'Minding my business, I tell you.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'You know there is great excitement here.'

"STRANGER. 'I don't know, and I am darned if I want to know.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Come, tell me where you are from?'

"STRANGER. 'I'm from Georgia.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'You are not a native of Georgia?'

"STRANGER. 'No, but my wife is; that's enough for you.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Do you know Governor Wise?'

"STRANGER. 'No, nor I don't want to know him.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Do you know President Buchanan?'

"STRANGER. 'Yes, Sir-ee, I do know James Buchanan. I take off my hat to President Buchanan, and he takes off his to me; and he says to me, "How do you do?" and I says, "Very well, President."'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Do you know Brown?'

"STRANGER. 'Why, darn it, didn't I tell you I know nothing of Brown, or Wise either?'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Well, I must know your business. What is it?'

"STRANGER. 'Do you want to know?'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Yes.'

"STRANGER (*putting his hand into a capacious pocket, and pulling out a half-pint bottle of medicine*). 'Well, this is my business; to get fifty cents for this bottle of medicine, which cures cramp, scalds, bruises, rheumatism, mumps, measles, affections in the jaw, and other complaints too numerous to tot up, I reckon.'

"Here a former purchaser of the medicine bore testimony to the genuineness of the article, upon which the catechumen launched forth upon its various merits. This, however, did not save him from visiting the interior of the jail, where he was detained a short time, and ordered to clear out upon his parole. The next morning the stranger obeyed the injunction."

GERRIT SMITH INSANE.

With regard to the insanity of Gerrit Smith the Utica *Herald* of the 10th inst. says:

"We are greatly pained to learn that Gerrit Smith, the free-hearted but sadly erratic philanthropist, became on Monday last an inmate of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, where it has been found necessary to place him on account of marked insanity. We learn that he is very violent, and has exhibited a disposition to commit suicide, and that an attendant keeps constant watch over him to prevent him from laying violent hands on himself. This result we hear attributed to the connection of Mr. Smith's name with the Harper's Ferry affair, though many will regard it as the consequence of long-seated and marked disease.

"Mr. Smith is said to have a hereditary predisposition to insanity. His father, Peter Smith, though the possessor of an immense estate and surrounded by every circumstance of prosperity, was subject to fits of profound despondency, during which he was under the impression that he would die a beggar.

"Unlike his noted son, he was exceedingly sharp in his bargains and money affairs. It is also said that the late Peter Sken Smith, the brother of Gerrit, was for some time an inmate of a lunatic asylum, though, when he died, he was generally regarded as in possession of his reason. Gerrit Smith has lost all his children, except one, the wife of Colonel Miller, of Peterboro. A nephew of Mrs. Smith, Colonel Fitzhugh, was the captor of the fugitive Cooke, a fact which greatly disturbed the mind of Mr. Smith. John Cochrane, a democratic politician of this city, another nephew of Gerrit Smith, has also, by his speeches, purged himself of any complicity in the Harper's Ferry affair."

A dispatch from Utica, dated November 10, says:

"Gerrit Smith shows continued marks of insanity. No one is allowed to see him, but it is understood that he refers in his ravings to the Harper's Ferry matter, and supposes himself arrested."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

A dispatch to the *Herald*, dated Utica, November 11, says:

"The Hon. Gerrit Smith, ex-member of Congress, has been confined in the Lunatic Asylum here since Monday last. His mind is considerably disordered, but his condition is not so hopelessly bad as has been represented, and his physicians hope that the regimen and care to which he is subjected, and the absence of excitement, will effect a radical cure.

"It was only by stratagem that his friends succeeded in getting him here. He has been, ever since the arrest of Brown and his Harper's Ferry followers, haunted with the idea that he was culpably responsible for all the lives that have been and will be sacrificed; and so much have this reflection and the fear of being called on to answer at the bar of justice preyed upon him, that his mind, never exempt from a tendency to be unhinged, gave way, and reason deserted its throne.

"For some days before the absolute necessity of restrictive measures became apparent to his friends and relatives, he manifested a most nervous anxiety to anticipate the requisition which he expected would be made upon him, and to proceed to Virginia and surrender himself into the hands of the authorities. When it was resolved to place him under restraint this anxiety of his was taken advantage of. His friends pretended to chime in with his notion, and when he set out for Utica he was under the impression that he was on his way to Richmond or Charlestown.

"I am assured that, although he sympathized with and sustained John Brown in Kansas, he is no way implicated in the recent movements of that now distinguished individual. His position as inmate of the asylum here is, therefore, solely attributable to that peculiar sensitiveness of mind he is known to have possessed, and which has given way, startled from its seat by the shock consequent on the sad events which have followed the mad course of this same Brown.

"That Gerrit Smith's case is one of decided lunacy is certain. Still, his friends consider it far from hopeless."

GENERAL SCOTT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The *Herald* correspondent writes from San Francisco, on October 20: "The past week has been signalized in California by the arrival and departure of Lieutenant-General Scott for Puget Sound. The occasion demonstrated forcibly the strong hold the old chieftain has on the affections of the people, who did him honor, in a spontaneous manner, as no man has been honored before in this State. General Scott arrived on the 17th instant, and left in the steamer *Northerner* for Puget Sound the day following. He will be absent about five weeks. The fullest confidence is entertained that he will make such arrangements concerning the disputed island of San Juan as will redound to the honor of the nation.

AFFAIRS AT SAN JUAN.

"Our last advices from San Juan state that great rejoicings had taken place on the island in consequence of a report having reached there that the administration had approved General Harney's conduct. Affairs remained unchanged. The American troops were in quiet possession, though actively engaged in strengthening all the points of defense. About twenty guns were mounted in commanding positions, and the garrison enjoyed excellent health. The feeling in California, Oregon, and Washington is strongly in favor of sustaining Harney; and if, as it is said, the troops are to be withdrawn, there will be great disappointment felt. Governor Douglass has continued remarkably quiet. No further manifestoes have emanated from him. He was, at last accounts, on a visit up Frazer River, receiving addresses from the few settlers who are now there. In replying to one of those addresses he took occasion to reflect on Americans, and rejoiced that they had left the barren territory over which he exercises authority—a feeling which is universally participated in by the Americans themselves. Douglass will probably be in Victoria by the time General Scott reaches San Juan, and fears might be entertained for a peaceable arrangement with the dogged and incompetent Governor, were it not that Admiral Baines, an officer of discretion and experience, will also be on the spot. The official position of the Admiral in the war-making business happily is paramount in Puget Sound. A report generally credited in British Columbia is to the effect that the British Boundary Commissioner's first report declared San Juan to belong to the United States. When this document was seen by Douglass he raged like a madman, and tore it in pieces. The Commissioner went to work again, and claimed the island for England."

AN ELEPHANT AT LARGE.

We read in the *Tribune:* "An exciting scene was witnessed in Williamsburgh about ten o'clock on Friday morning. Van Amburgh's Menagerie, stationed on South Fifth Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, was the locale of the occurrence. While a lad was unloading sawdust from a wagon within the exhibition tent, Old Hannibal, the elephant, broke out into one of his periodical fits of fury, and, making toward the horse, aimed a blow at him with his trunk. Missing the animal, the blow fell upon the neck of the boy, but with greatly diminished force, or he must have been killed instantly. Again he attacked the horse, and the frightened animal, after a severe hug from the elephant's trunk, darted off, dashing the vehicle against the centre-pole, disengaging himself at the same time, and running into the street. Hannibal deliberately tore the wagon to pieces, flinging the wheels about like toys. The cages containing the wild beasts next engaged his attention; and from the reckless way in which he turned over and smashed up the habitations of the bears, hyenas, wolves, zebras, and other wild animals, it was probable that the whole menagerie would soon be let loose in the streets.

HOW HE GOT OUT.

"The circumstances of the affair appear to be as follows: The animal is notorious for its periodical fits of fury, during which it is quite unmanageable, and commits most violent attacks upon every thing and every body that comes in its way. The immediate cause of his outbreak on Friday appears to have been a sudden dislike which he took to the horse, and it was against that animal that his first attack was directed. Taking advantage of the absence of his keeper, he rushed at it, and endeavored to strike it with his trunk. The horse swerved suddenly, and the blow, although with greatly diminished force, fell upon the boy's neck, injuring him severely. The horse, in its fright, darted off, and, striking the wagon against the centre poll of the tent, broke the harness, and escaped to the street. Becoming more and more excited with rage, he then next turned the zebra cage upside down, and, taking it up with his trunk and tusks, tossed it out from beneath the canvas as a man would an apple. By this time every attaché of the menagerie had made good his escape, except the keeper of the raving beast, who was absent at the time. The cage containing the hyena in one compartment and several wolves in another, was the next point of attack. This he tore to pieces, and scattered them about the premises, letting out the amiable inhabitants, who ran away with the utmost terror.

HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY CALLED OUT.

"The monster then went from one cage to another, upsetting them in turn, and smashing them in pieces. His keeper made his appearance about this time, and attempted to put in practice his usual devices to gain the ascendency over the elephant, but his efforts were utterly unavailing. Hannibal savagely sallied forth into the street, trumpeting defiance, and dragging after him the chain with which he was usually fastened. The keepers followed him down the street into an open space, not far distant from the menagerie grounds, and, with the aid of one or two others, succeeded in getting him into an excavation made for a cellar. He managed to chase back his pursuers, however, and was again followed into a stone-yard near by, where he was a second time impeded in his progress. He was kept here until the long pikes and hooks of Young America Hook and Ladder Company were brought upon the ground, and manned by the increasing crowd, to be used in suppressing the crazed insurrectionist. Thus, attacked from all directions, he was hooked and piked in so many places that he found it inconvenient, and nearly impossible to move. His ears, trunk, sides, back, and limbs were studded with pikes, and grappled and held with hooks. His attention was then diverted until his keeper could venture up behind him and throw a rope about his legs.

"This was done with such celerity that the rope was passed round and round again, and, secured before the beast became aware of what was being done, he was captured.

HANNIBAL FINDS A PRUSIAS.

"The crowd had by this time increased to thousands, and had old Hannibal effected an escape from the hooks and pikes, it is probable that a large number of the spectators would have lost their lives. They were urged by the showmen to keep out of the way, but all that was said or done could scarcely induce them to do otherwise than push forward to see what was going on.

"But Hannibal was not totally conquered after all. A stone eight feet long and two feet square having been chained to his legs, and the pike-poles laid by, his Majesty embraced an unexpected opportunity to continue the war. He put the spearmen to flight, and chased them about the stone-yard, dragging the immense building stone after him as if it were a stick. The crowd scattered precipitately. With some daring the spearmen again triumphed, and the elephant was this time more severely dealt with. His legs were again fastened with a heavy chain, and he was tumbled over and speared, and stabbed with pitchforks, the instruments entering to the depth of three and four inches at every thrust, blood flowing in streams. He endured the torture without flinching for some time, but the copious blood-letting at length reduced his rage, and he succumbed, made a peculiar noise known to all keepers of wild animals by the term of 'begging.' When this stage of humiliation has been produced, it is always considered safe to release a ferocious beast.

"Hannibal was then driven back, a conquered hero, to the show-ground, where he was securely fastened by means of heavy chains.

HIS HISTORY.

"This elephant was brought to America in the year 1844 by Mr. Van Amburgh, and is one of the largest of his species. His height is 13 feet 4 inches. He is claimed to be one-third larger than any other elephant ever brought to this country. Bayard Taylor testifies that he is considerably larger than the majority of elephants which he had met with either in Asia or Africa. When Hannibal was imported, in 1844, it was thought that he was already old; but as he has been growing ever since, the showmen have concluded that he is still young—the natural term of life of the species being from 300 to 450 years.

"This animal's reputation was formerly almost unparalleled for viciousness, but during the last five years he had apparently reformed, and became docile in character. Before that time he had repeatedly broken loose, and had killed, on different occasions, as many as seven persons. The last exploit of the kind which Hannibal undertook previous to the present one, was in 1853, when he sprung open the door of his cage, and, after effecting a pretty general demolition of the Company's cages and transportation wagons, ran away nine miles into the country before he was captured.

"The damage sustained by Van Amburgh & Co. by the wagons and cages spoiled yesterday, amounts to a considerable sum. The wild animals which he released were all secured without difficulty."

AN AMERICAN MONSTER STEAMER.

The new ocean steamship, which it is proposed to build at Buffalo to travel one hundred miles an hour, is to be of the following dimensions:

Length (three-quarters of a mile)....	4000 feet
Width	73½ "
Depth	62 "

Each end is to be constructed alike, in the form of a wedge. This wedge form is 1250 feet long, leaving the parallel portion 1500 feet in length. To steady the vessel fins are attached 500 feet long to each of the ends. These fins impart strength, possess great buoyancy, and are used for the purpose of surface condensation. Each fin has a vacuum equal to a room 20 feet wide, 10 feet deep, and 3300 feet long. The walls are double. The outer one is 1½ inch in thickness, the inner one but ½ inch thick, and each part of those walls is to reach from the bottom to the top of the vessel. The space between the outer and inner wall is divided into air-tight sections three feet square, so if the outside wall be broken, there can but little water enter. The entire ship is built in air-tight sections, and if broken in two no lives will be endangered. There are six wheels on each side placed 300 feet apart. The first, 12 feet from the ends, is composed of solid iron, weighs 36 tons, and, taken the weakest way, will suspend a weight of 2288 tons.

PERSONAL.

The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher has reached his 84th year. He is in good health. The *Independent* says: "During the past summer he has visited six of his children, residing in Connecticut and Massachusetts. While in Hartford he attended the wedding of one of his grand-daughters, and while on his return trip visited Guilford, Connecticut, to review the scenes of his early life, where he married his first wife (in 1799), the mother of seven children now living. His health is generally good, enabling him to attend nearly all the meetings at Plymouth Church, in which he often bears a part. He spent his birthday with his most intimate college friend and classmate, the venerable S. T. Staples, Esq., of New York."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

THE loss of the *Royal Charter*, near Bangor, has been fully confirmed, but owing to prostration of telegraphs and damage of railroads details have not yet been published.

Reporters have arrived from the scene of the wreck, and state that the vessel struck at 2 P.M., the strain being too great for the cables. At first but little alarm was felt, but soon imminence of a dreadful death was apparent to all. One heroic sailor swam ashore and made fast a hawser, by which several lives were saved, and more might have been had not the vessel parted in two with a dreadful crash, the funnel and machinery giving way. The passengers and crew were either killed by the falling masts or perished in the waves. Four hundred and seventy passengers were lost, and only thirty-one saved. All the women perished. There was no pilot on board, the signals made when the vessel reached Point Lynas not having been answered. The bullion, it is expected, will be recovered. A detachment of marines has been sent from Liverpool by Captain Mends, of the *Hastings*, to assist the local authorities.

Passengers arrived from Bangor state that the country people had commenced to plunder the wreck.

The *Royal Charter* was built at Queensbury, and launched in August, 1855. She cost about £90,000, and the market value at the time of her loss was about £70,000. The ship was insured to the amount of £80,000. Insurances on the cargo have not transpired.

FRANCE.

NO TROUBLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "I have just learned that the difficulty between the cabinets of St. James and the Tuileries is in a fair way of being settled. I felt sure such would be the case; the more so when I heard of the sending of a special agent. It is rumored that this *rapprochement* of the two governments will cause the retreat of Lord John Russell. Yesterday the chief of the Cabinet of the Minister of War started for London to arrange with the English War Department matters regarding the China expedition. A confidential agent also started for London, sent from the French Ministry of Marine, to confer with the English Admiralty relative to the same affairs."

THE WAR BETWEEN THE EMPEROR AND THE CHURCH.

He also writes: "A great outcry is now being made here by the *Univers* (a bigoted sheet published in Paris, and considered by some persons the organ of Catholicism in France), because the government has forbidden the journals to publish any more of the fiery and not very religious pastorals or *mandement*, issued by the bishops against those in any way inclined to attack the Pope's temporal power. The Emperor Napoleon is determined to pursue his present course of policy, and to put down all opposition that the clergy may offer to the reforms so much needed in Italy. He feels strong in the justice of his cause, and relies upon the sympathy of Europe. The days of anathemas and excommunications are gone by, and a Catholic Prince may act for the good of his subjects without asking the permission of the Pope. The Emperor Napoleon has done well in refusing to allow the French journals to publish the political pastorals of the bishops, who are, from the sacredness of their office, not amenable to the laws of the press. By stopping the publication of these documents he renders it necessary that the bishops should speak them from the pulpit. Now, it would at once strike the congregations how very unsuited are these furious outcries to the walls of a church, and so all their effect would be lost—the common sense of the people revolting against them. The Emperor is too judicious to have even the appearance of struggling with the clergy; but, at the same time, he is by far too intelligent to allow them to attack his policy without defending himself.

PROBABLE DEATH OF JEROME.

"A near relative of the Emperor is quite ill, so much so that it is feared he will not resist long, as he is a very old man. Should he pass away, there will be no Court balls or grand receptions at the Tuileries this season. None of our high functionaries would open their saloons to dancers, and Paris would pass a dull winter. This apprehension is overhanging the class of people I first referred to, and many is the heartfelt wish they send up for the speedy recovery of Prince Jerome."

SWITZERLAND.

THE ZURICH CONFERENCE.

At latest dates, the Zurich Conference had again assembled, Count Karolitye representing Austria in place of Count Colloredo, deceased, and all the treaties were expected to be signed in a few days.

It is evident that Napoleon only wants to fulfill his bargain with Austria.

It was asserted that the European Congress would take place, with the adhesion of England.

ITALY.

NAPOLEON WANTS THE DUKES RESTORED.

Napoleon had written a letter to the King of Sardinia, urging him to carry out the Villafranca agreement. In the letter he says that France demands that the Duke be recalled to Modena, that Parma be united to Piedmont, and that Tuscany, with an augmentation of her territory, be restored to the reign of the Grand Duke, and that the projected confederation, on the basis of moderate reforms, be carried out.

Garibaldi had arrived at Turin for an interview with the King of Sardinia. He was enthusiastically received all along the route.

PROBABLE RISING IN NAPLES.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, of October 27, says the news is vital enough, for, according to all human calculations, we may reckon on a rising in Naples before long.

Garibaldi has addressed a proclamation to the Neapolitans. The following are extracts:

"*To Our Brothers of Naples:*

"BROTHERS!—We have combated the Austrians, we have fought these insolent oppressors of Italy, and we have beaten them. We have fought as Italians fight when united, and you were not with us. The shout of victory was heard in every dialect except yours, and we know your hearts beat high in the cause of the country. Yes, Providence has decreed the union and alliance of our family, of this poor Italian family. Foreigners and priests labor in vain. In vain they seek to sow discord to corrupt the hapless people whom they have divided often, and so often sold to the strangers in vain. Our brothers of the south have cleared the minds of our brothers of the north. The sons of Procedas, the Masselellos and the Pieros, have grasped the victorious hand of the soldiers of Palestro and San Martino."

MAZZINI GIVES IN HIS ADHERENCE.

We read in the Paris correspondence of the London *Herald:*

"Mazzini, 'the veteran conspirator,' has forwarded 200 francs to the subscription for the national armament, with the accompanying letter:

"'I send 200 francs as my contribution to the subscription proposed by General Garibaldi. I am sure that all those who share my political religion will hasten to follow my example.

"'The name of Garibaldi is for me an assurance that these muskets will not be collected merely to defend the Cattolica and the Mincio. The sacred principle of a united fatherland, violated by every scheme which does not comprehend the whole country from the mountain range of the Tyrol to the Sicilian sea, is his faith as well as ours.

"'Arms are for us every thing. This subscription must be a bond of brotherhood to all Italians, who must at length display a manliness of purpose, and bid farewell to the indecorous twaddle of cowardly optimists, who expect to achieve liberty and fatherland by a delusive conference of foreign princes.

"'JOSEPH MAZZINI.'

"The chief importance of this letter is contained in the fact that it will be followed by the adhesion of almost all the Mazzinian party, which, though neither numerous nor enjoying at the present moment much credit in Italy, will, by following in the steps of the republican chief, afford an additional example of the duty which is incumbent on men of all classes and of all opinions, of sinking minor differences, and of co-operating heartily for the attainment of an object which is the sole condition of all ulterior schemes of national regeneration—*independence with union.*"

A SPEECH BY GARIBALDI.

At a late banquet in Italy the engineer officer T——, in a short but meaning speech, in which he recounted the chief exploits of our hero, proposed his health, and Garibaldi, after returning his warmest thanks, continued as follows:

"You have just recounted my history, and it is my part to tell you how proud and happy I am again to find myself among this brave people, of whose courage and attachment I have experienced so many proofs. I repeat to you that to the last moment of my existence I shall be devoted, body and soul, to my country. For fourteen years, without pay or reward, I have served the cause of liberty in foreign lands. What, then, will I not do for the land of my birth? Events are progressing favorably, but there is still much to be done. The day is come when Italy is to regain its complete independence. This time it must be accomplished, and from the Alps to Sicily she must be free. Providence has given us the man we needed to reknit us together. It is round Victor Emanuel that we must rally to repulse the stranger from our soil. We will not longer bear the foreign yoke. Let him but retire and leave us to enjoy our possessions in peace, and we will at once welcome him as a friend; but so long as he desires to subject us to his dominion, he has nothing to expect from us but the fire of our artillery. It is only by union and force that we shall obtain our freedom. When we can attain strength, believe me no one will dare to attack us. Before every thing it is imperative that we should all be soldiers. Our entire nation must form one army, and if domestic duties detain a few round the family hearth, let them remain there like soldiers, musket or sword in hand. Fifteen days are enough to make a brave Italian a brave soldier. It is not an embroidered uniform that his merit will consist in. Look at the Zouaves. In their simple, easy dress they are the first soldiers in the world. I remember once finding myself, during my American campaign, in the midst of a vast plain, where neither from the interior nor from the sea-ports, which the enemy had blockaded, any of our wants could be supplied. The herds of the plain were our only resource, their flesh was our only nourishment, and their skins were our protection from the heat of the noonday sun and our covering at night; and yet I assure you our soldiers, armed only with the musket, performed prodigies of valor. We were the terror of the Imperialists, and my few hundreds of brave men put to rout the enemy by thousands.

WHAT ITALY WANTS.

"But we, my friends, we want arms; and that this want may exist no longer, I have proposed that Italy should form a subscription to purchase a million of muskets. Think only how many wrongs we have to be redressed. Bear in mind what a series of years has witnessed a foreign oppression. Remember to what an ignominious death has been condemned a Cicero Vacchio and his young sons, a Ugo Bassi, an Antonio Elia. You do not, perhaps, recollect this martyr to the cause of Italian liberty; let me relate to you one trait of his heroic courage. Antonio Elia, a native of Ancona, was a simple sailor. He had scarcely attained his twentieth year when the ship which he navigated was captured by one of those Turkish galleys which then harassed the coast of the Adriatic. The Turks manned their prize with ten seamen and an officer, confining all the original crew in the ship's hold, except the young Antonio, whom they retained on deck for their own service. A strong sirocco came on, and the extreme obscurity which accompanied it awoke in Antonio's breast the idea of delivering himself and his companions. He went to the prow, where he succeeded in gaining possession of a hatchet. Armed with this efficient weapon he returned to the poop, where he had so lately left the pirate commander. When he arrived where he thought the officer was he struck at him with his hatchet, but the blow fell on the deck. For a moment he hesitated to draw it out, but the officer, surprised at the noise, and suspecting something wrong, drew his yatagan and wounded Antonio severely in the left shoulder. The latter, seeing his blood flowing, redoubled his efforts, and launching the axe upon his adversary, he laid him dead at his foot. Encouraged by his success, he now turned to the crew, and, as if endowed with supernatural force, he slew them all but two or three, who, with cries of terror, leaped overboard into the sea. This Antonio Elia, a very lion of courage, fell before the Austrian powers in 1849, because he would not clandestinely abandon his wife and his children."

RAILWAYS IN ITALY.

Railway enterprise is alive throughout every part of revolutionized Italy. The short tract between Stradella and Piacenza, which is to unite the Sardinian lines to those of Central Italy, the construction of which was hitherto hindered by Austria, and more lately since the war, even strongly opposed by France, will be opened before the end of this month, when travelers will be able to go without interruption from Susa to Bologna. In the countries of the Æmilia new lines from Bologna to Rimini, Ferrara, and Ravenna are in progress of construction. Several projects are also on foot to connect Florence with Bologna—that is, Tuscany with Lombardy—by a railway across some of the Apennine passes.

SPAIN.

WAR WITH MOROCCO.

The Government declared to the Cortes, in the sitting of October 22, that it was going to begin war with Morocco. The declaration was received with great enthusiasm. All political parties in the Senate and the Congress have offered their support to the Ministry.

The newspapers express the same patriotic feeling.

General O'Donnell announced that the Government had ordered its representative at Tangiers to take his departure.

The *Correspondent Autografa* announces that the *corps d'armée* destined for Africa will most likely be organized about the middle of the week, when General O'Donnell will leave. The same paper is not yet aware whether the Spanish Consul in Tangiers has arrived in Spain.

It is asserted that Ministers have stated that they will not have recourse to a loan, and that the floating debt will not be augmented, but that the taxes will be increased.

Spain was expected to commence offensive operations against Morocco about the 8th of November.

France disclaims the idea of aiding Spain in her war against Morocco.

Later advices from Tangiers states that Mr. George V. Brown, the United States Consul, was preparing to leave for Gibraltar, taking with him all his baggage, horses, etc.

It was expected that the Spanish forces would make the attack by sea and land, and afterward occupy Tetuan and Tangiers.

The French expeditionary corps was ready to take the field.

Indemnity for depredations is to be claimed, and security for the French colonists obtained by rectifying the line of frontier.

It was stated that the French soldiers which were made prisoners on the 31st of August had all been burned alive by the Moors. The French troops were burning to take revenge for this act.

RUSSIA.

SCHAMYL AT ST. PETERSBURG.

A St. Petersburg letter gives the following further particulars respecting Schamyl's stay in the Russian capital:

"On the day of his arrival a compact crowd had collected round the entrance to the hotel where he lodged, and at all the points where it was expected he would pass in going to visit the chief authorities. He appeared quite at his ease—in no way disconcerted. His manners appeared noble and dignified. He has an intelligent look, and the general expression of his countenance announces energy and the habit of command. His figure is tall and upright, notwithstanding his advanced age.

"The next day Schamyl and his son had the honor of being presented to the Empress and the hereditary Grand Duke at Tsarkoeselo. The presentation lasted only a few minutes. It is said that he was greatly affected, and looked pale.

"Schamyl went afterward to see the museums of natural history, and of the Academy of Sciences. In the evening he was at the Italian opera, in the box of Prince Anatole Baryatinski, brother to the commander-in-chief of the Army of the Caucasus. Madame Charton Demeure sang the part of Amina in 'Sonnambula.' The scene where she comes down the ladder from the mill produced a great effect on the Kazi Mohammed, the Imam's son.

"Schamyl is enchanted with all he sees in Russia. 'Had I known your country sooner,' said he, 'had I seen all I now see, I should have made my submission long since.' Well said, certainly, but perhaps the avowal may not be altogether sincere. The Imam is evidently a clever man. His answers betoken considerable *apropos.*

"When asked what had most pleased him in Russia, Schamyl replied, 'The kind reception of the Emperor.'"

CHINA.

MR. WARD AT PEKIN, AND OUT AGAIN.

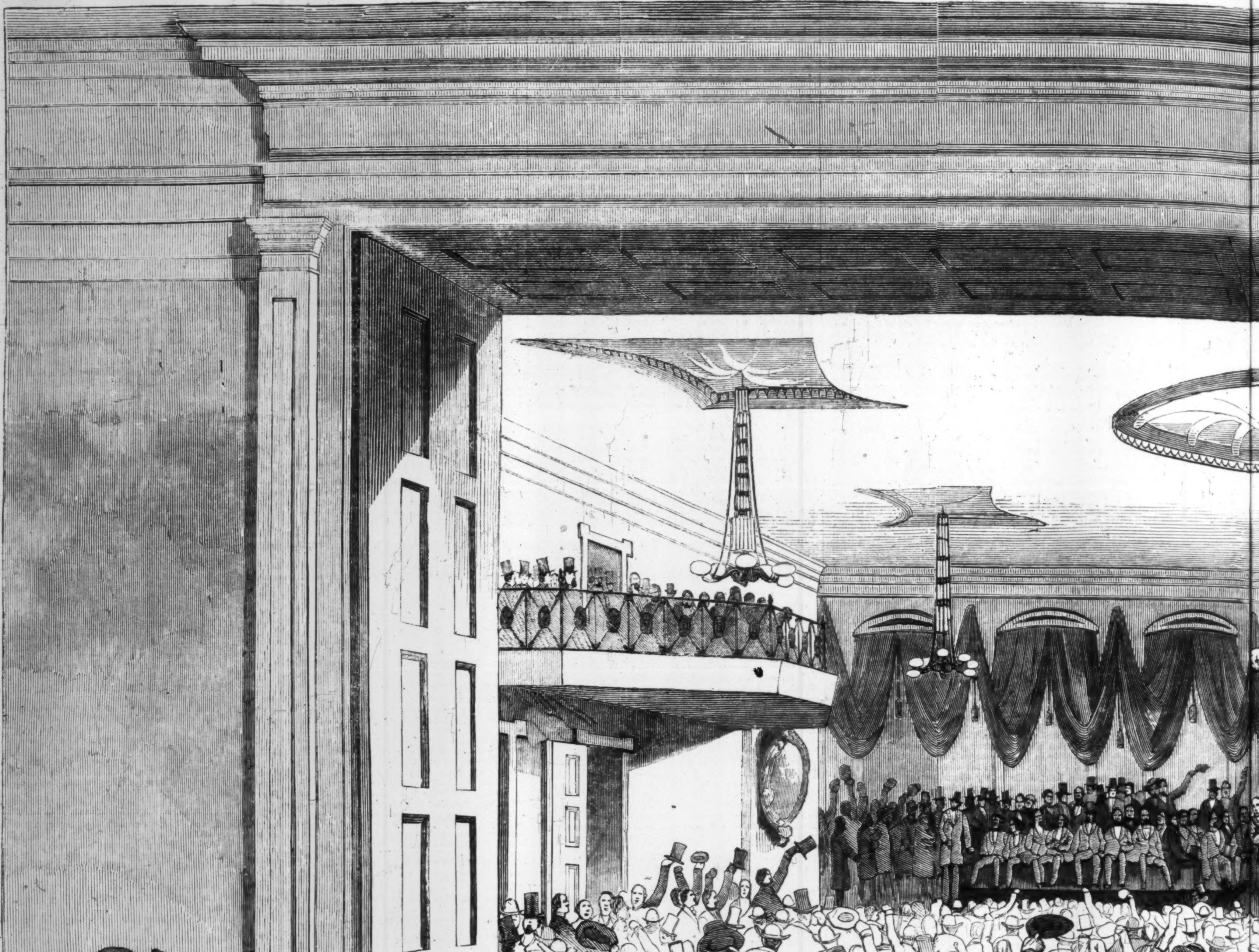
Previous to the receipt of the Imperial edict permitting Mr. Ward to go to Pekin he had several interesting conversations with the Mandarins and local authorities, all of whom used a vast amount of official duplicity in dealing with him. When about to set out they endeavored to have him abandon the overland route and proceed by steamer, but he would not; so he set out with his suite in a wagon without springs—not in a box—for the capital. A courier who reached Shanghai from Pekin announced his arrival there, where he was attended by five hundred Chinese cavalry detailed as an escort for his service.

Our latest Hong Kong dates are to September 12. The American embassador had returned from Pekin without having obtained the ratification of the treaty at that city. The ratification had taken place by commission at Pe Hoang.

CANADA.

AGITATION FOR DISUNION.

A Reform Convention, held at Toronto, Canada West, adjourned at noon on November 11, after passing resolutions almost unanimously declaring the existing union between Upper and Lower Canada to have resulted in a heavy public debt, burdensome taxations; also declaring for the dissolution of the present union between Upper and Lower Canada, with local governments for each section, and a central power for dealing with matters affecting both sections. About six hundred delegates were in attendance. The Convention was exceedingly harmonious.



RECEIVING THE RETURNS AT TAMMANY HA

TAMMANY HALL ON ELECTION NIGHT.

Every one has heard of old Tammany, but very few have ever seen the venerable institution. We therefore present our readers with the above engraving, which, as its title indicates, introduces the reader to that famous place on Election night, just as the returns for the various city wards are coming in. Marshal Rynders and other lights of the Democracy are announcing the majorities in a stentorian voice, and groans and hisses or cheers and shouts evince the feeling of the multitude at each announcement. Our artist says:

"Not even the ditch of the Malakoff or the blood-stained fosse of the memorable Redan can contrast with Tammany Hall for condensed activity (a *bull*) and mad abandon.

"Standing on the seat at the rear of the hall during the announcements, etc., 'tis a perfect pandemonium of action—of vivid expression—of untamable excitement. A kind of regulated madness! So regulated that the rampant politician exhibits his shrewd triumph as he stampingly calculates the odds. The old Tammany man, even at that instant, can tell to an admiring few some reminiscence of former triumph or some crafty movement of the present. One man in the centre of the inner room who had won a wager on the allegiance of the announced district, was particularly emphatic. He wore a shiny hat (and indeed all the shrewd men wore shiny hats), and he menaced, good-humoredly, his oppo

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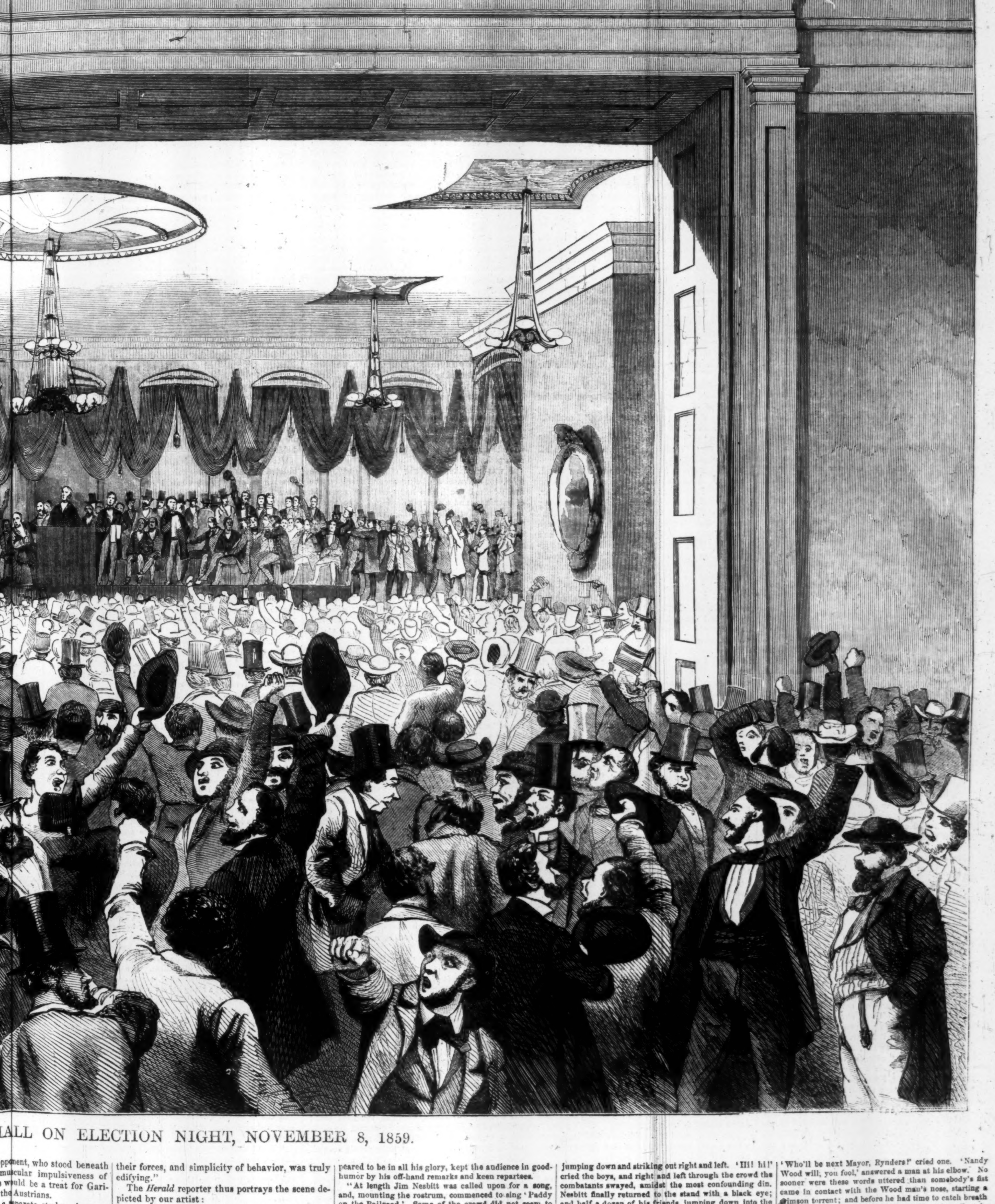


ALL ON ELECTION NIGHT, NOVEMBER 8, 1859.

pponent, who stood beneath muscular impulsiveness of would be a treat for Gari- the Austrians.

a separate study. Any one monarchs, standing here, for and presence of mind, might genta. Their devotion to their forces, and simplicity of behavior, was truly edifying."

The *Herald* reporter thus portrays the scene depicted by our artist:

"The Chairman read the returns as they were brought in from time to time, and the announcements of the Democratic majorities were received with tremendous cheering. During the intervals Captain Rynders, who appeared to be in all his glory, kept the audience in good-humor by his off-hand remarks and keen repartees.

"At length Jim Nesbitt was called upon for a song, and, mounting the rostrum, commenced to sing 'Paddy on the Railroad.' Some of the crowd did not seem to relish the song, and shouted, 'Dry up, Jim!' etc.; but Jim was not to be dried up, and feeling especially aggrieved at one individual's remarks, incontinently shied a water-pitcher at his head, following up the assault by jumping down and striking out right and left. 'Hi! hi!' cried the boys, and right and left through the crowd the combatants swayed, amidst the most confounding din. Nesbitt finally returned to the stand with a black eye; and half a dozen of his friends, jumping down into the crowd, after a brief combat, drove the offensive individual and his backers out of the hall.

"The reading of the returns was then resumed, with occasional episodes of hard talk, 'rushes,' and fights. 'Who'll be next Mayor, Rynders?' cried one. 'Nandy Wood will, you fool,' answered a man at his elbow. No sooner were these words uttered than somebody's fist came in contact with the Wood man's nose, starting a crimson torrent; and before he had time to catch breath the unlucky wight was hustled down the stairs. Captain Rynders remarked that he could tell better who was Mayor after the election, at which the crowd laughed and cheered lustily."

Brunel, died September, 1859.
Stephenson, died October, 1859.

A Nation's Pioneers—they rest. To mock
Renown like theirs with sculptured tomb were shame:
Where the bridged chasm, or where the pierced rock
Attests mind's victory, read each hero-name.

Yet in an epitaph their names shall live,
That Silence, there, may pay one noble due:
They died Untitled. Of what Courts can give,
No jot, O knaves and fools, they grudged to you.

"UP FOR OFFICE."

BY ELLA RODMAN.

Any woman who is a little self-willed, a little haughty, and a great deal spoiled, and whose husband is an amiable, fascinating, aggravating creature, always "up for office," will sympathize with my story.

I have a perfect detestation, which is a mixture of contempt and hatred, for every Democrat but *one*; I have erected an oratory in my soul for the worship of General Washington—not so much, I think, on account of his many virtues as because he was an old Federalist; and as I am the only person in the Union who entertains just the sentiments that I do, they approach the very climax of intensity.

Lately, Mr. Jones has moved into the country, actuated to this step by a variety of motives, among which are a Sparrowgrassian faith in the dogma of "raising your own vegetables," "more encouraging field for a rising man," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

Bless his handsome face! How could any one imagine, to see him lounging along (he is a lazy fellow) with that particularly benevolent aspect, as though every dirty little boy that he passed had a vote that might be exercised for his benefit, that he was so tormenting? But I shall come to his evil doings, as the Declaration of Independence hath it, "in the course of human events."

When visitors began to flock in, my delight in country life was somewhat abated, they were such an outré-looking set; but on expressing any such sentiments, Mr. Jones would quiet me with a solemn lecture that always ended with the magic word "constituents," and as I was adjured in the most pathetic manner, "for *his* sake," to return these visits, I had not the heart to refuse.

One Sunday morning, in coming out of church, a woman pushed rudely past me, catching, as she did so, a clumsy country shoe in my barège dress, and tearing an entire breadth in the most heart-rending manner. It was "a pattern dress"—one that I had coveted in a shop-window for some time—so that it had a value in my eyes, independently of its merits; and any one who knew its history would excuse the look that I bestowed upon the wiry, freckled female who had perpetrated this outrage.

Her eye met mine—a light-colored, stony sort of eye—an eye accustomed to fling back defiance and fight its way with a quarrelsome world; and as she tossed her head with an air that said, as plainly as words could, "Serve you right! I'm as good as you, *any* day!" I felt that we were sworn enemies.

Alas! the holy service had done us both but little good; and my indignant feelings were heightened by seeing Mr. Jones, who had been quite unconscious of this little pantomime, bow to that horrid woman just as she turned from me as though she had been the President's wife at least.

"Who is that creature?" I inquired, in a peculiar tone, as soon as we emerged from the crowd.

"What 'creature,' darling?" queried the individual interrogated, effervescing with good-nature, and a sort of amusement which he could never seem to restrain at my anger.

"That vulgar woman," I replied, "to whom you just bowed with such an excess of politeness. She has spoiled my dress, my beautiful 'pattern dress.'"

Mr. Jones was very sorry—too bad that I should be plagued so—of course the lady (*lady*, indeed!) did not intend it—would send me another as soon as he went to the city—until I could have boxed his ears for being so amiable, and misunderstanding me so. As to the woman, he did not know who she was—did not know that he had bowed to any—he spoke to so many people whom he did not know.

Our neighbors were not very close to us, and in one of the nearest houses lived an old man who supplied us with eggs, and me, at least, with considerable amusement. This ancient individual, who bore a striking resemblance to some of the "false-faces" that terrified our childhood, had a habit of resting his chin on our gate, and talking over, the words seeming to proceed from his nose.

Soon after our arrival Mr. Jones was interrogated in this nasal twang, as he was watering a favorite tree, as to "why he didn't plant a reg'lar *weepin'* willer?" and on looking up to see whence the sound proceeded, I was saluted with a comical nod and an intimation that "them 'ere eggs was fresh laid."

I took the eggs, and found them to be all that was represented, being very well satisfied to obtain them with so little trouble; but Mr. Ditmas, the proprietor of the chin on the gate, did not intend that the acquaintance should end here. Evening after evening found him hanging over our front gate talking to Mr. Jones, whom he managed to keep perpetually by the button; and from the pleased expression of that gentleman's face, one would suppose that the conversation was of the highest possible advantage to him.

I rallied him on his new friend, not perhaps without a slightly scornful accent.

"My *dear* child"—most benignantly—"remember that I am 'up for office.'"

"Up for office!" I was not very likely to forget it. Ever since our marriage the man had been a perfect ninepin, only put 'up' to be knocked down; but I could not quite comprehend that one insignificant old man held the reins of office in his hands. What in the world had Mr. Ditmas to to do with "my husband's" being up for office?

"Considerable, my little Queen of Sheba," with that aggravating smile of superiority. "In politics, you know, there is always 'a wheel within a wheel;' and although Mr. Ditmas, by himself, is not of the highest importance, yet even he counts one, and has, like most people, acquaintances whom he can influence in voting."

"A fine state of things!" was my indignant remark, "when a gentleman of your family and standing, whose ancestors shed their blood at Bunker's Hill, can not obtain from his country a petty office without conciliating all the loafers around! If this is a *free* government, give *me* a monarchy."

For this treasonable speech I was gently patted and soothed to silence, as though my head would not be quite safe on my shoulders if allowed to hold forth any longer.

"I glory in being elected by the people," said my democratic husband.

"By 'the people,' I rejoined, "I suppose you mean that portion of the community, who are the least fitted to elect. But there is no danger of your succeeding," I continued, proudly; "you are too much of a gentleman for them."

"*Gentleman!*" repeated Mr. J., alarmed at the dangerous term, "I am not 'a gentleman,' but 'one of the people.' My grandfather was an honest mechanic, and made the very table from which he ate his meals."

This melancholy fact was regularly inserted in every stump speech; the wretched old gentleman in question having had a dreadful tinkering propensity, and actually succeeded in making himself a table, although the fact that he never made any other was carefully suppressed.

While indulging in indignant silence my husband took the opportunity to admonish me for pride.

"Our neighbors here call you 'stuck up,'" said he, with a smile. "They think that you consider yourself above them."

"They think the exact truth, then," I replied.

Mr. Jones looked hurt.

"Have any formal complaints been lodged against me?" I continued, wondering what all this was tending to.

Mr. Ditmas was afraid that I was rather proud. Why? Because I had not called to see him?

No, but I should have called upon his daughter.

This was my first intimation of that interesting female's existence; but Mr. Jones proceeded to inform me that Mrs. Shots was the mother of a large family; that she had an inefficient husband, and was obliged to manage the farm herself; consequently she had no time for visiting, and would be pleased and flattered at my waving ceremony and making the first call.

At first I indignantly refused to visit my poultryman's family, and felt myself an insulted woman; but Mr. J. skillfully administered flattery, smiles, and honeyed words, drawing, at the same time, a vivid picture of the care-worn, estimable woman, whose more fortunate sisters should cheerfully do the little in their power to cheer her sad lot, until I fairly gave in, and promised to call upon this living edition of all the virtues.

Mr. Jones and I talked the matter over as though the visit were one of vital importance.

"The idea must not get abroad that my wife is 'stuck up,'" said Mr. J.; "country people will forgive any sin in a woman but that; and the wife of a man in public life has a great deal in her power to insure or hinder her husband's success."

This was quite a formidable speech, and I resolved to be unusually gracious; and, certainly, paying the first visit to poor Mrs. Shots could not affect my position in any way. It would be very mortifying for Mr. Jones not to succeed this time, and as Mrs. Shots had a husband and father she was well worth propitiating.

Such were my thoughts as I donned a simple but becoming dress, for it would not do to overwhelm Mrs. Shots with grandeur; and when my husband said, approvingly, "Now, let my little wife but act out her own lovely self, and she will do," I felt pleased with myself and all the world, and set forth smilingly upon my mission.

The Shots mansion was a rickety-looking red house, dreary and unshaded; and on endeavoring to open the gate a savage dog rushed at me with a growl that kept me completely at bay. This was discouraging; but I have a horror of dogs, and was upon the point of turning back, when a sandy-haired, freckled youth, with a decidedly unamiable expression, came up the narrow path that divided the rank grass and weeds on the side of the house, and inhospitably asked me what I wanted.

Remembering Mr. J.'s interests, I beamed upon him with a smile, as I observed that I supposed he was Mr. Ditmas's grandson, whom we knew very well, as he often brought us eggs, and inquired if his mother was at home.

"Yes, she was at home," he replied, the expression of his face not being changed in the least.

I was obliged to open the gate for myself, the dog having retired with a series of growls; and as the boy rather unwillingly ushered me into the house, I requested him to tell his mother that Mrs. Jones wished to see her.

The urchin turned around for a deliberate stare when I gave him my name, and I pitied the poor mother if all her boys were like that.

Soon after the boy's departure a noisy altercation ensued in an apartment near me, and a shrill female voice shrieked,

"Jerusha! Jerusha! If you don't come here right straight, I'll skin you alive!"

Soon after the utterance of this fearful threat the door was abruptly opened, and in stalked the mistress of the house.

As I glanced at her freckled face and shrewish features, quite unshaded by the thin hair that was tucked behind her ears, an unpleasant feeling of recognition came over me; and on meeting the fixed gaze of that stony eye the whole dreadful truth flashed upon me. Mrs. Shots and the destroyer of my new dress were one and the same person; and the look which she now gave me was such as added insult to injury at our first meeting.

Mrs. Shots said not a word, but looked defiant; and gathering up my courage to meet the circumstances, I said, with a smile intended to be particularly affable,

"We are quite near neighbors, Mrs. Shots, and I believe that, as a stranger, I had a right to expect the first call; but hearing that you devoted yourself to your family, and having more leisure myself, I have dispensed with ceremony, and made you the first visit."

Mrs. Shots looked straight at me all the time that I was speaking, and then, giving her hair an extra push behind her ears, she replied, in a stern tone,

"I never have no time for gaddin', and if I had, shouldn't care to be spookin' round 'mong my neighbors. As to 'devotin' myself to my family,' I don't b'lieve it would pay—I make 'em take care of themselves, and help me considerable, too."

What a contrast to the devoted, care-worn wife and mother I had imagined! But my *rôle* was to be blind and deaf. I remembered Mr. Jones, and thought it would be cruel to disappoint him; so, putting on an extra amount of affability, I propounded various questions about the children and farm, asked after Mr. Shots, and whatever I supposed would be agreeable, to all of which Mrs. Shots replied as if I had been the census-man, and rather impertinent at that.

This was unpromising, to be sure, but I had done my duty; and I left the inhospitable mansion with a sort of gleeful feeling at the idea of thus braving the lioness in her den. Mrs. Shots almost closed the door in my face with a slam, and was at no pains to conceal her satisfaction at my departure.

I related my adventure to Mr. Jones, who was graciously pleased to approve of my conduct; and in his overflowing charity was quite sure that Mrs. Shots's want of politeness proceeded from ignorance, and embarrassment at the unexpected honor conferred upon her by my visit. The idea of associating *embarrassment* with that unflinching eye was simply ridiculous; but I comforted myself with the supposition that the visit would not be returned.

I was mistaken; it *was* returned—and quite soon, too—Mrs. Shots being accompanied by the sandy-haired youth who had questioned my right of entrance, and a sandy-haired girl, who proved to be the "Jerusha" against whom the threat of "skinning alive" had been uttered. But Jerusha was evidently used to it, like the eels; and the terrible punishment, promised at least six times during the visit, produced not the slightest effect upon her.

In the pride of my heart I displayed to Mrs. Shots my little golden-haired darling; but that rigorous female, after a glance at his violet eyes and wild-rose cheeks, pronounced him "a sickly-lookin' young 'un;" and warning me that "if I didn't feed him on somethin' else besides moonshine I'd never raise him," turned from him as though unworthy of farther notice.

I was fairly boiling over, and was about to utter some sentiments more true than polite, when, fortunately, at this juncture Mr. Jones made his appearance, performing an Oriental salam to Mrs. Shots, pressing her hand tenderly, patting the girl and boy on the head—prophesying that the latter would be President of the United States, and the former a regular heart-breaker—inquiring after the health of Mr. Shots as though his life depended upon the answer, and sighing lugubriously when told that the excellent man had a cold in his head; hoping that his old friend, Mr. Ditmas, was as lively as ever; and that this was but the beginning of a series of delightful visits between the families; and conducting himself altogether in so overwhelming a manner that Mrs. Shots was almost thawed.

I think that Peleg and Jerusha had every movable article in the room in their hands during this seemingly-interminable visit; and a glance at the floor, after their departure, gave me the uncharitable idea that their mother had driven them into every mud-puddle on their way to the house, with express instructions not to wipe their feet until they were deposited on my parlor carpet.

"Very nice woman Mrs. Shots," said Mr. Jones, benignly, when the trio had turned their backs upon us.

"*Very*," I replied, emphatically; "so very interesting!"

There was a sort of twinkle in Mr. Jones's eye, and I quizzed him most unmercifully. He said that "it was all for the good of his country"—which I very much doubted.

My troubles had only begun. Very soon after this visit, Mr. J. made his appearance one day with a beaming face, as though sure of communicating pleasant news, and informed me that I was invited to take tea with Mrs. Shots! The invitation had been given orally, through Mr. Ditmas; and Mr. Jones was not invited because, as the old man observed, "he b'lieved it was to be a sort of wimmin's affair."

At first I was struck dumb at the bare idea; and Mr. J., taking my silence for assent, began to enlarge upon the advantages that were to accrue to him from my sociability with the people around. Old Ditmas had been so pleased with my calling upon his daughter that he had gone among his friends, talking up Mr. Jones as the only eligible candidate, and a great deal could be accomplished among such people. To decline Mrs. Shots's invitation would give mortal offense; so, wondering all the time why the woman asked me, I resolved to carry out the martyr-like spirit with which I had begun, and see what would come of this tea-visit.

Mr. Jones warmly advocated my starting at one o'clock, for country people, he said, liked early hours; but I would not go before three, and by way of looking sociable, I took my knitting with me, a little blanket of bright colors which I was manufacturing for baby.

It did seem to me that when I was expected that savage dog might have been kept out of the way; but as I opened the gate he made a spring at me, displaying such a formidable row of teeth that I shrieked at the top of my voice. The wretch had seized my dress—a vivid picture of hydrophobia swam before me—and not being particularly courageous, or particularly strong, I fainted.

When I opened my eyes I found myself surrounded by none of the romantic circumstances that attend the fainting of heroines in novels. I had been landed on "the stoop," my face and hair were dripping with water, a liberal shower of which had taken all the stiffening out of my nice muslin dress, an odious smell of burned feathers was under my nose, and a long array of Shots, of all shapes and sizes, from Mère Shots down to the smallest individual capable of going alone, were surveying me with a mixture of curiosity and contempt.

I made an effort to sit up, and told Mrs. Shots that I believed I had been frightened.

"*Not at Snap?*" she exclaimed, in a tone of incredulous surprise, as though that animal carried the virtue of gentleness to such an extreme that it became a positive vice. "Why, *he* wouldn't hurt you!"

And, pray, how was I to know that? He certainly did every thing but the actual biting, and, under the circumstances, my fear was perfectly justifiable. But Mrs. Shots shared the hallucination common to owners of ugly dogs, who, because they do not bite *them*, have no consideration for the fears of visitors.

I saw that I had no sympathy to expect from my hostess; and, shaking off my nervousness as well as I could, I professed to be entirely recovered, and awaited an invitation into the house.

"I ain't finished the dinner things yet," said Mrs. Shots; "do you choose to set here till I git through?"

The stoop was rather sunny, but as I had evidently come too early, I acquiesced with the best grace I could muster; and Mrs. Shots, who scarcely waited for my answer, disappeared to her household duties, leaving me surrounded by eight or nine as unattractive-looking children as I ever beheld.

Jerusha, a girl of twelve, who evidently considered herself an old acquaintance, asked me why I came so early; and when I smilingly replied that I wanted to see them, she said that "mother didn't want to see *me*, because she wasn't ready." I had suspected as much, but there was no help for it, and I worked on my blanket in silence.

The fright and heat together had given me a violent nervous headache; and I sat there, with throbbing temples, dreading the first onset from the band of young Goths, who, I felt sure, would prove my tormentors. They approached very closely, and surveyed my work—one fought with another for a nearer place—and they did not scruple to lay hold of my dress and hair to satisfy themselves upon various curious points. Although not particularly attached to Mrs. Shots, I longed for her appearance, for I was quite unable to cope with a crew of lawless children.

They waxed bolder, and pulled my hair, snatched my work from my lap and threw it in the dust; and when I called them naughty children, they set up a shout of derision and took to their heels—some turning somersaults, two or three swinging on the gate, and some climbing the trees like apes, making my blood run cold with the fear that they would be dashed to pieces before my eyes. But I need not have troubled myself—such children invariably thrive, and from whatever eminence they may happen to tumble, always alight, like cats, on their feet.

At length, when I was half blinded by the sun, and visions of impish children, in various stages of somersaults, were swimming before my eyes, Mrs. Shots made her appearance; and upon giving her an account of the proceedings, she observed, in quite an offended tone, that "she guessed I wasn't used to children!"

I was just ready to reply that I was not used to such atrocious ones; but as this would have been the breaking out of hostilities, I prudently restrained myself.

My delicate piece of work was in rather a bad condition, from dropped stitches and the soiling contact of mother Earth; but when I held it up for her inspection, my hostess pronounced it "shaller kind of knittin'," and "guessed that a baby wasn't an Indian that it couldn't do without a blanket." All of which was highly consoling. *Her* company-work, she said, was something worth doing, and she produced about a bushel of strawberries to hull, which she was going to "stew up" that evening.

Actuated by a benevolent motive, I offered to help her.

"Well," was the gracious reply, "I'm agreeable."

I went to work, staining my fingers, and increasing my headache, thinking it the most curious visit I had ever made. Our employment was frequently enlivened by assaults of young Shots upon the strawberries, who received blows and reprimands from the dragoness that guarded them; and had she executed her threats, Mrs. Shots would have had eight children to skin before she retired that night.

"What time do you choose tea?" inquired my hostess, quite unexpectedly.

I was rather surprised at the question, but replied politely that the time which was most convenient for her would suit me best.

"Suppose," said the lady, calmly, "that it would be 'most convenient' for *me* to have it at seven, and that *you'd* made up your mind to go home at six, where would you be *then?*"

"In a haven of rest," was my inward answer, as I called to mind my cool, pretty room, and longed to stretch myself on the comfortable couch.

As this was a very cool manner of asking me how long I intended to stay, I was obliged to answer, with some embarrassment, that I had told Mr. Jones to come early for me, but I did not think he would come before seven.

"Then," said Mrs. Shots, in a business-like way, "I'll give you your tea at six."

"Very soon I was left alone for so long a space of time that I began to think Mrs. Shots must be employed in manufacturing every separate article that was to grace the tea-table, butter and all.

After an immense length of time Jerusha was deputed to inform me that "her mother said I was to walk out to tea;" and, following that damsel, I found myself in the kitchen, which had a sanded floor and rough rafters overhead. Mrs. Shots was seated at the head of the table, surrounded by her olive-branches, and she motioned me to a seat where the children were thickest. Not the sign of a man was visible, and I felt disappointed.

I was coolly requested to help the children, while their mother poured out the tea; and the voracious manner in which they devoured the doughy short-cake and saw-dust gingerbread was quite alarming. The butter was rancid, the tea, sweetened with brown sugar, was detestable, and the other edibles ditto—the only eatable article was a pudding made of preserves, and unseasonable as it was on the tea-table, I was doing full justice to it, when the peculiar appearance of a fragment that caught my eye induced me to examine it narrowly. There was no mistake—it was full of little red ants! And in unaffected horror I announced the discovery to Mrs. Shots.

"La!" said she, with the utmost coolness, "they're innocent little creeturs; they got into that presarves, and I thought I'd save it by makin' it into a puddin'."

I was perfectly indignant at this revelation, and expressed myself to that effect.

"You're dreadful skeery," said Mrs. Shots, contemptuously; "should think you'd be afeered of your own shadder!"

Meanwhile I was kicked under the table by my interesting companions, who were continually screaming, crying, and fighting, diving at forbidden things, and raising a perfect Bedlam about my ears. I was completely worn-out and sick; and when Mr. Jones arrived, a little before the time he had mentioned, I was ready to burst into tears.

He looked anxious and troubled. "Be as quick as you can," said he, in a husky voice.

"What *is* the matter?" I exclaimed. "Little Eddie—?"

Yes, little Eddie had had a dangerous fall, in my absence, through the carelessness of the nursery-maid, and was now screaming with pain from a gash on his temple.

How I got home I do not know, nor what transpired for some weeks after. A brain fever, produced by all that I had suffered at the hands of Mrs. Shots, and the dreadful fear that capped the climax, prostrated me on a sick bed; where I raved of red ants, fractious children, and savage dogs, to the intense surprise of Mr. Jones and the perplexity of those around.

Little Eddie will carry a scar on his temple to his dying day as a reminder of Mrs. Shots, whose very name makes me shudder with horror; and Mr. Jones, when talking over the causes of his defeat, discovered that Mr. Shots had voted for his opponent, and that old Mr. Ditmas, in trying to vote for him, had been driven from the polls by a pack of rowdies, and had his coat torn from his back besides.

Mrs. Shots indulged very freely in personal remarks, and a kind friend brought to me the pearls which dropped from that lady's mouth after my visit.

"If there was one thing in this world," observed that rigid disciplinarian, "that done her more good than another, it was to bring down the airs of stuck-up people, and rub dirt on folks' shoes who wanted to have 'em blackened brighter than their neighbors. A more shaller, useless piece of goods than that 'ere little Miss Jones she never come across; and as to 'lecting *Mister* Jones for Gov'ner, she guessed *she* didn't do much toward it. Jim Shots never dared to vote any way that *she* told him not to, and never dared *not* to vote where *she* bid him. *She* wanted a Gov'ner with some grit in him, and one that wasn't like Saul, a head and shoulders above his neighbors, and she preferred an honest blacksmith like Sam Peabody (the successful candidate) to a niminy piminy lawyer like "Mister *Edgewood* Jones." As to his grandfather's makin' a table, she didn't b'lieve a word of that story—didn't b'lieve *any* of the family ever had sense enough to do any thing useful—his silly little wife wasted *her* time over a Joseph's coat of many colors for her precious baby—but *she* made her work, she guessed, the day she was there. She brought them strawberries out a purpose to let her do somethin' useful for *once* in her life. To see her airs, too! So *very* condescendin', and supposin' that country folks didn't know nothin'. She guessed *she* knew what was what as well as Miss Jones, whose husband had better wrap her in cotton and set her in a glass case for the rest of her life—went into a conniption at the sight of poor Snap, who, if he hadn't a Grecian nose and alabaster skin, was worth a dozen of *her*, and turned up her nose at some innocent little ants in the presarves! She see what stuff *she* was made of that day, in church, when she looked as mad as fire because she (Mrs. Shots) got her foot on her dress, that was trailin' half a yard behind her—serve her right for usin' more stuff than her betters. She was a precious hand to go a visitin', to be sure! And the next time she wanted to enjoy herself, Jemima Shots was ready to give her some more of the same sort. An honest woman who worked the very hair off her head, as *she* did, and brought up a husband and nine children, was fit to hold a candle to *any* body, and wasn't goin' to be condescended to by a little chit like Miss Jones."

I was glad that Mr. Jones was present at the second-hand hearing of this tirade, for it gave him a better insight into matters and things than he would otherwise have obtained.

My visiting-list has since been left to my own arrangement; and that last defeat abated my husband's ardor so materially that it is several months since he has been "up for office."

A SHARK STORY.

ONE night I was swimming across the channel, on my way home from a visit to Jesuita. The sky was sombre and cloudy. Nevertheless, it was not so dark as to hinder me from seeing, in the middle of the waves, a black object, which could be no other than the head of a man. In fact, I saw that it was a man, who was swimming in the direction of Espiritu-Santo.

I at once resolved to find out who the swimmer was; and not wishing to be seen myself, I dived and glided toward him under the water. When I thought myself near I rose gently to the surface. Perhaps it was the blood mounting suddenly to my head that rendered me blind; but I could distinguish nothing in the midst of the darkness but the phosphorescent lights—tokens of a coming storm—that were commencing to show themselves upon the tops of the waves.

I now turned toward Espiritu-Santo, for it was in that direction the unknown swimmer was proceeding when I first saw him. After a minute or so I again caught sight of his head; he was cleaving the water directly in front of me, and I soon perceived that he was swimming with great rapidity; so fast, indeed, that I could scarcely keep my distance with him. I knew there was but one man upon the island who was any thing near my match in swimming, and this man must be he. Next moment he had reached the water's edge, and was climbing up the rocks. A flash of lightning that passed over the cliffs rendered him visible for a moment. I recognized his form; it was Rafaël, the diver.

"He, indeed!" thought I; "he is to be my rival in love, as he has rivaled me in every thing else."

At this thought a sudden hatred for Rafaël entered my heart; and I determined, if my suspicions proved true, that Rafaël and I should meet but once more. For a moment I thought of calling out his name, and letting him know that I was present; but there are certain moments in a man's life when he does not do that which he wishes. In my indecision I permitted him to proceed; and he had scarcely passed over the summit of the rocks when I occupied the place he had left. From that point I could easily watch his movements. I saw him take the path that led to the hut of Jesuita—the path I had often followed myself, and which I knew so well. I saw him reach the door, knock gently, enter, and disappear.

Without further pause I launched myself upon the track of my rival. A few bounds brought me to the door of the hut. I stood and listened. I could hear the feeble murmur of a conversation carried on in a low voice, but no word reached me distinctly.

This, then, was her lover. The thought filled my heart with the direst vengeance, and I resolved to rid myself at once of my favored rival.

I was about to knock at the door. My hand passed mechanically to my belt, where I habitually carried my knife; to my chagrin no knife was there! in its place was the *estaca*, which, though an available weapon against a shark, would be of slight service in a conflict with a man.

For a while I hesitated as to what course I should follow, but there was only one that promised any hope of success. My knife was in my hut; there would still be time to return and fetch it before the interview was ended, or Rafaël should take his departure from the cottage.

Under this belief I ran back to the cliff, and descending rapidly to the water I plunged in and swam across the channel. I soon possessed myself of the knife, and was hastening to return, when I perceived that the wind was rising into a storm. A canoe was moored at the bottom of the precipice, and I leaped into it in hopes of saving time. I knew I could take the canoe across the channel much faster than I could swim it.

When I had rowed out near the middle of the strait I could perceive that the waves were every moment rising higher, and could hear many sounds that indicated the approach of a storm. The *gaviota* screamed mournfully upon the summit of the cliffs; the sea-wolf howled amidst the dark waves; and now and then mingling with the sighing of the wind the *lamentine* uttered its melancholy cry, resembling the plaintive accents of some creature in pain.

All at once another and very different sound reached my ear. It appeared to rise from the very bosom of the ocean, but the rushing of the waves carried it away, and I fancied for a moment that I had been deceived. It was not so—for a few seconds after the cry again reached me. This time I could not be mistaken; it was a voice uttered in extreme anguish—the heart-rending appeal of some human being in distress.

As the voice came from the direction of Espiritu-Santo, it at once occurred to me that it was Rafaël who was calling for help. With opposite emotions struggling for mastery in my heart, I leaned forward in my canoe, and, shading my eyes with my hand, endeavored to penetrate the darkness. But the night was too obscure. Nothing could be seen at a distance. I could hear, however, the cries of distress still continued, and then distinctly the words,

"A boat! for the love of God, a boat!"

It was the voice of Rafaël. I could not hinder myself from trembling.

My emotion lasted but a short while. I heard something plashing forcibly in the water at no great distance, and, seizing my oar, I rowed in the direction of the sound. The next moment I distinguished Rafaël in the middle of a circle of white foam, which he was making around him. I was at first astonished that, instead of remaining stationary, he did not at once make for the canoe, which he must have seen approaching him. But the cause of his immobility was soon apparent. At a short distance from him, and about three feet under the surface, was shining a phosphoric light. This light was gradually advancing upon Rafaël. It was a *tintorera*—one of the most beautiful I ever saw. A stroke of the oar brought me close to Rafaël. He uttered a cry on perceiving me, but he had not strength to speak; terror and fatigue had taken away his voice.

With a desperate effort he raised his hands, and caught hold of the canoe; but his arms, strong man though he was, could not sustain the weight of his body. His eyes, although swollen with terror, regarded me with so expressive a look that I grasped his two hands in mine, and held them forcibly against the side of the canoe. The *tintorera* was still advancing. One single instant the legs of Rafaël remained motionless; a fearful shriek escaped his lips; his eyes closed suddenly; his hands loosened their hold, and the upper half of his body fell back into the sea. The lower half was already gone; the *tintorera* had cut him in two!

"And could you not have rescued him?" asked my listener.

"Perhaps," I replied in a significant tone; "perhaps I compressed his hands too firmly against the boat."

"But not with an evil intention, I hope?"

Well, if it must be confessed, I believe I hindered him from getting into the canoe.

At the moment that Rafaël disappeared under the water, I plunged in myself. Although this *tintorera* had rid me of a rival that had become hateful to me, it had also provoked me by the brutality with which it mutilated poor Rafaël. It had touched the honor of my calling; for Rafaël was a diver, and you will not forget that I am a *Capataz* of divers. Besides, it has tasted human flesh, and would be sure soon to return for another victim or two.

There is nothing excites the ferocious disposition of sharks so much as a stormy night, such as that on which my rival was destroyed by one. I am speaking of the *tintorera*, and not of the common shark—about which Rafaël did not care a fig. A gluey substance, which is distilled in two little holes situated near their muzzle, spreads all over their skin, causing them to shine like fire-flies, especially when it thunders. This light renders them visible by night, and the darker the night the more plainly are they seen. By good luck they themselves are not sharp-sighted, and a silent swimmer has an advantage over them. Add to this that they can not lay hold of you without turning on their back, and you may conceive that a daring man—one who swims well—has a fair chance of success in a combat with one of them.

I dived then only to a little depth—so that I should not lose my wind, and that I might be able also to see above, below, and around me. The waves rolled over my head with a noise resembling thunder, but down where I was the water was almost calm. At that moment a dark mass came pressing against me. It was the upper part of poor Rafaël's body. It seemed as if we were always to meet.

I thought by this that the antagonist I was in search of could not be far off—in fact, at that same instant I saw a ray of light, which, at first almost imperceptible, appeared gradually to grow larger and larger. I knew it was the *tintorera*. We appeared to be at the same level, but the shark was mounting upward. I knew it would not do to give my antagonist the advantage of getting above me; for in that case it would not be necessary for him to get upon his back to serve me as he had done poor Rafaël. I made an effort, therefore, and rose nearer to the surface.

The *tintorera* now swam diagonally toward me, with such velocity that in another moment he was by my side, and so near that I could distinguish the phosphoric brilliance upon his skin—the membrane that half covered his eyes—and I could even feel his brown fins brushing against my body. Fragments of red flesh were yet sticking in his lower jaw, which at intervals he closed against the upper with the satisfied smack of a gourmand. Just at this moment the moon shone out, and her light rendered more visible the silver-colored belly of the shark. It was the moment for action, and launching myself forward I plunged my knife—the same which I had intended for Rafaël—up to the hilt in the breast of the *tintorera*. Then drawing the blade as far as my arm could reach, I made a deep long cut down the monster's belly.

It proved a death wound; the shark made one prodigious bound, and, striking the water once or twice with his tail, floated motionless upon the waves. At sight of my great antagonist thus conquered in his own element I could not restrain myself from uttering a shout of triumph, which, despite the howling of the storm, was heard on both isles.

COLDSTREAM.

A LARGE party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke Hall, an old country house about two miles distant from the northwest coast of Devon.

Our hero Tyrawley resembles Sir Charles Coldstream, inasmuch as he has been every where and done every thing; but he is by no means used up, and can still take an interest in whatever his hand finds to do. Nor is his every thing every body else's every thing.

Mr. Tyrawley has fought in more than one state of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from isle to isle of the Pacific. A mysterious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but no one is very clear what they are; and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket, and dress himself. Not that it must be supposed that he has ever been in the habit of wearing less clothing than the custom of the country in which he may have been located required; but only that at the present time he devoted much attention to buff waistcoats and gauze neck-ties, and curled mustaches.

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstoke Hall; for he is rich and handsome, as well as mysterious, and he can not be more than two-and-thirty.

Pretty Constance Baynton had gray eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after he left her; for no one can ever look at any thing except her face.

Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and still unmarried. Alas, what cowards men are! The fact is that Constance is very clever; but as Mrs. Mellish says, "not clever enough to hide it."

Is she a little vexed at her present condition? Certainly she does not exhibit any tendency to carry out Mrs. Mellish's suggestion, if it has ever been repeated to her. The young men are more afraid of her than ever; and certainly she does say very sharp things, sometimes. Especially she is severe upon idlers, the butterflies of fashionable existence. She appears to consider that she has a special mission to arouse them; but they do not appear to like being lectured.

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to disbelieve. She stated as her opinion to her intimate friends, that she did not believe he ever had done, or ever would do any thing worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were ignorant of its foundation, no one could impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this instance Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual; but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favorite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth century. It was one wet morning when she had been reading Scott to three or four of her particular friends—and it must be confessed that she read remarkably well—that she began to lament the decline of chivalry. Tyrawley was sitting half in and half out of range. Perhaps she talked a little at him. He accepted the challenge.

"I can not agree with you, Miss Baynton," he said. "It is true we no longer wear ladies' gloves in our helmets, nor do we compel harmless individuals, who possibly may have sweet-hearts of their own, to admit the superiority of our lady love at the point of the lance; but of all that was good in chivalry, of courage, truth, honor, enterprise, self-sacrifice, you will find as much in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth."

More than one pair of bright eyes smiled approval, and Miss Constance saw a probability of a defection from her ranks. She changed her tactics.

"You are too moderate in your claims for your contemporaries, Mr. Tyrawley. If I remember right, modesty has always been considered a qualification of a true knight."

"I am not ashamed to speak the truth," he replied. "Your theory would have been more tenable before the days of the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny; but the men who lit their cigars in the trenches of the Redan, and who carried the gate of Delhi, may bear comparison with Bayard or Cœur de Lion."

"Oh! I do not allude to our soldiers," said she; "of course I know they are brave; but"—and here she hesitated a moment, till possibly piqued because her usual success had not attended her in the passage of arms, she concluded—"but to our idle gentlemen, who have no heart for any thing."

Tyrawley smiled. "Possibly you may judge too much by the outside," he said. "I am inclined to fancy that some of those whom you are pleased to call idle gentlemen would be found to have heart enough for any thing that honor, or duty, or even chivalry, could find for them to do."

"I hope you are right," said Miss Constance, with a slightly perceptible curl of her upper lip, which implied that she did not think so.

Tyrawley bowed, and the conversation terminated a few minutes afterward; when he had left the room the conversation of the young ladies was interrupted by Master George Baynton, aged fourteen, who suddenly attacked his sister.

"I think you are wrong, you know, when you call Tyrawley a humbug."

"My dear," said Constance, with a start, "I never said any thing so ru—"

"Well, you implied it, you know, in your girl's words, and I think you make a mistake; for he can shoot like one o'clock, never misses a thing, and I hear he can ride no end. He was rather out of practice in his cricket when he came down; but he is improving every day. You should have seen the hit he made yesterday—right up to the cedars."

The day lingered on, after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country houses.

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was past two before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-glass.

"Pleasant, by Jove!" he soliloquized. "I wonder whether it's smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass. What a night!" as a flash of lightning illuminated the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. "The wind must be about nor-nor-west. Cheerful for any thing coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall door open without waking them up; what a nuisance! Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window."

Before starting upon his expedition he changed the remains of his evening dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-gown) for a flannel shirt and trowsers, while a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His room was on the first floor, and he had intended to drop from the window sill; but the branch of an elm came so near he found that unnecessary, as springing to it he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across country, "like a bird," to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam.

But a flash of lightning discovered a group of figures about a quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

He was soon among them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock within two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

"Is there no way of opening communication with her?" he asked of an old coast-guard man.

"Why ye see, Sir, we have sent to Bilford for Manby's rockets; but she must break up before they come."

"How far is it to Bilford?"

"Better than seven mile, your honor."

"If we could get a rope to them we might save the crew."

"Every one of them, your honor; but it ain't possible."

"I think a man might swim out."

"The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff."

"What depth of water below?"

"The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least."

"The deeper the better. What distance to the water?"

"A good fifty feet."

"Well, I have dived off the main yard of the *Chesapeake*. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?"

"As much as you like."

"Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough as I draw upon it."

"You won't draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every bit."

"Well, we shall see. There's no time to be lost: lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots, and pea-jacket, then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chafe him less.

The eyes of the old boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness. "You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, Sir?"

"I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva a few times."

"I never knew a white man that could do that."

Tyrawley smiled. "But whatever you do," he said, "mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clear start."

He walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, looked over to see how much the rock shelved outward; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the springing-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down into its dark depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he had been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he draws breath, then, ere it reaches him, he dives below its centre. The water dashes against the cliff, but the swimmer rises far beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives again and again, rising like an otter to take breath, making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The waves have made a clean breach over her bows. The crew are crowded upon the stern. They hold on to the bulwarks, and await the end, for no boat can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is hailed from the waters. "Ship a-hoy!" shouts a loud, clear voice, which makes itself heard above the storm. "Throw me a rope or a buoy!" The life-buoy was still hanging in its accustomed place by the main-mast. The captain almost mechanically takes it down, and with well-directed aim throws it within a yard or two of the swimmer. In a moment it is under his arms, and in half a minute he is on board.

"Come on board, Sir," he says to the captain, pulling one of his wet curls professionally. The captain appeared to be regarding him as a visitor from the lower world; so, turning to the crew, he lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then for the first time the object of his mission flashed upon their mind, and a desperate cheer broke forth from all hands, instantly re-echoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached to the small rope and drawn on board—then a second—and the communication is complete. But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking-up, and there is a lady passenger. While the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lifts her up on his left arm, steadies himself with his right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is the first on shore, for no sailor would leave till the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear—five minutes more, and no trace of her is left.

Ravelstoke Hall has been aroused by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravelstoke has just arrived with brandy and blankets. Him Tyrawley avoids; and thinking he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his chamber without observation.

The lady, whom Tyrawley had deposited in a cottage, with a strong recommendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Ravelstoke to the Hall, and welcomed by Lady Grace at half past three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undisturbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused every body, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to endeavor to ascertain what was going on. The excitement culminated when the miscellaneous assemblage who had conducted the captain and some of the crew to the Hall, after being well supplied with ale and stronger liquids, conceived that it would be the correct thing to give three cheers at the hour of half past five.

It was then that Lord Todmulton, an Irish peer, laboring under an erroneous impression that the house was attacked, was discovered on the landing-place, in array consisting principally of a short dressing-gown, flannel-waistcoat, and a fowling-piece.

Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished, and talked about the wreck, and began again. It seemed quite impossible to obtain any thing like an accurate account of what had taken place. At last the captain appeared, and though almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions, nevertheless, between the intervals of broiled ham and coffee, he managed to elucidate matters a little.

Then came the question, Who was it who swam out to the vessel? Tyrawley had only been at Ravelstoke a few days, and was a stranger in the neighborhood. None of the servants had reached the coast till it was all over, so there had been no one to recognize him.

"I scarcely saw him," said the captain; "but he was a dark, tallish man, with a great deal of beard."

"Was he a gentleman?" asked Miss Constance Baynton, who had been taking a deep interest in the whole affair.

"Well, d'ye see, Miss, I can't exactly say, for he hadn't much on; but if he isn't, he'd make a good one, that I'll go bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever saw. Stay, now I think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was a naval man, for he pulled his fore-lock, half-laughing-like, and said, 'Come on board, Sir,' to me, when we pulled him up."

"Perhaps it was Rutherford," said Mr. Ravelstoke, naming the lieutenant in the navy; "he is tall and dark."

"And he has been letting his mustache grow since he came on shore," observed a young lady.

"Where is he?"

But Mr. Rutherford was gone down to the cliff to inspect the scene of the disaster.

"Begging your pardon, Sir," said the butler, "it could not have been any gentleman stopping in the house, for the door was fastened till the people came down to tell you of the wreck."

At this moment—half past ten A.M.—Mr. Tyrawley walked into the breakfast-room. He was got up, if possible, more elaborately than usual.

"Now here's a gentleman, captain, Mr. Tyrawley, who has been all over the world, and met with some strange adventures. I'll be bound he never saw any thing to equal the affair of last night."

"You'd a nearish thing of it, captain?" inquired Tyrawley, speaking very slowly. His manner and appearance quite disarmed any suspicion the captain might have had of his identity.

"Five minutes more, Sir, and Davy Jones's locker would have held us all. Begging your pardon, Miss," apologizing to Constance.

The captain had already repeated the story a reasonable number of times, and was anxious to finish his breakfast. So Miss Constance gave it all for the benefit of Mr. Tyrawley, dressed in her own glowing periods.

Tyrawley made no observation upon her recital, but took a third egg.

"Well, Mr. Tyrawley," said she, at last, "what do you think of the man who swam out to the wreck?"

"Why, I think, Miss Baynton—I think," said he, hesitating, "that he must have got very wet. And I sincerely hope he won't catch cold."

There was a general laugh at this, in which the captain joined; but it is to be feared that Miss Constance stamped her pretty little foot under the table.

Tyrawley turned, and began to talk to Miss Mellish, who was sitting on his right.

As he was speaking the door on his left opened, and Lady Grace Ravelstoke entered with the lady passenger. The lady heard him speak—and there are some voices which a woman never forgets, and the dangerous journey over the rope had not passed in silence.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and said, "Oh! Sir, how can I thank you?"

Tyrawley rose, as in duty bound, saying, "Do not speak of it. I did not know, when I came off, that I was to have the pleasure of assisting you."

But the astonishment of the captain was beautiful to behold.

"Why, you don't mean to say— Well, I never! Dash my wig! Well, I'm— Here, shake hands, Sir—will you?" And he stretched across the table a brawny hand, not much smaller than a shoulder of mutton.

The grip with which Tyrawley met his seemed to do a great deal more to convince him of his identity than the lady's recognition of their preserver.

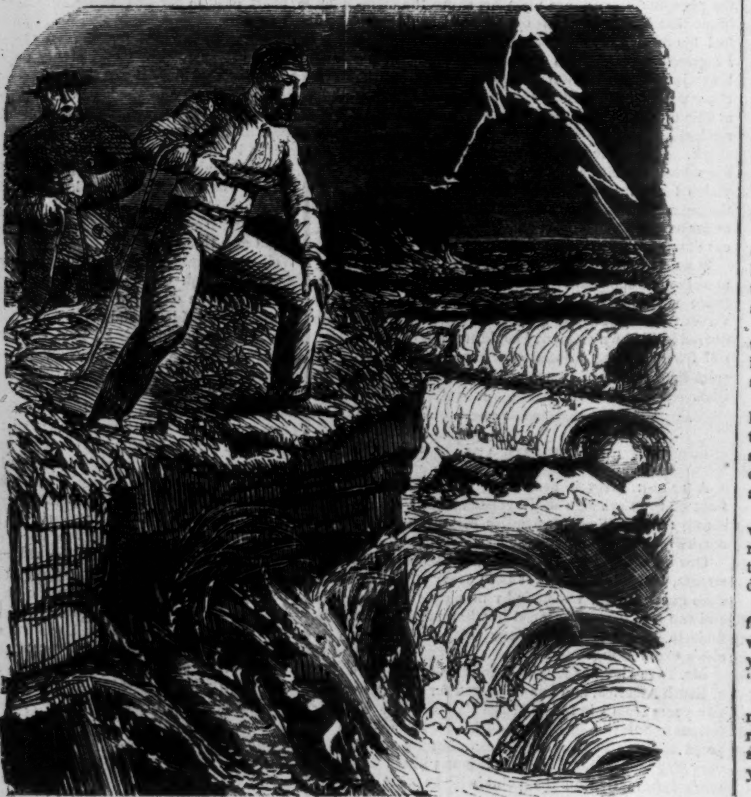
The day was as wet as the preceding. Half an hour after breakfast Mr. Tyrawley lounged into the back drawing-room. There sat Miss Constance Baynton, and, by the singular coincidence which favors lovers or historians, she sat alone.

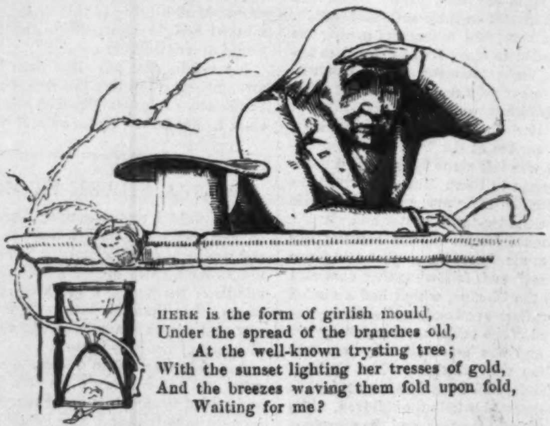
Now Constance had made up her mind that she was bound to apologize to Mr. Tyrawley for her rude speeches of yesterday; she had also decided that she would compliment him on his gallant conduct.

She had, in fact, arranged a neat, quiet, cold, formal, appropriate form of words in which she would give her views expression. And how do you think she delivered them? She got up, said, "Oh, Mr. Tyrawley!" and burst into tears.

If a proud woman's pride is a shield to thee, oh! man, as well as to her, against the arrows of love, remember that if ever she throws it away—after she has compelled you to acknowledge its value—you are both left utterly defenseless.

Frederick Tyrawley capitulated at once. They are to be married this month. And if Mr. Tyrawley does not, at some future time, achieve a reputation which no mystery shall cloud, it will not be Mrs. Tyrawley's fault.





WHERE is the form of girlish mould,
Under the spread of the branches old,
At the well-known trysting tree;
With the sunset lighting her tresses of gold,
And the breezes waving them fold upon fold,
Waiting for me?

Where is the sweet voice with cadence deep
Of one that singeth our babe to sleep,
And often turns to see
How the stars through the lattice begin to peep,
And watches the lazy dial creep,
Waiting for me?

Long since those locks are laid i' the clay,
Long since that voice hath passed away,
On earth no more to be;
But still in the spirit-world afar
She is the dearest of those that are
Waiting for me.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIFTY-TWO.

IN the black prison of the Conciergerie the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless, everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them new occupants were appointed; before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart.

Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her. Physical diseases, engendered in the vices and neglects of men, will seize on victims of all degrees; and the frightful moral disorder, born of unspeakable suffering, intolerable oppression, and heartless indifference, smote equally without distinction.

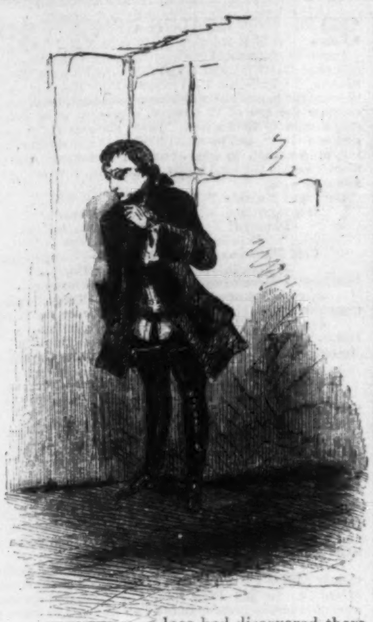
Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him—that he was virtually sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen; by gradual efforts and degrees unclosed a little here, it clenched the tighter there, and when he brought his strength to bear on that hand and it yielded, this was closed again. There was a hurry, too, in all his thoughts, a turbulent and heated working of his heart, that contended against resignation. If, for a moment, he did feel resigned, then his wife and child, who had to live after him, seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing.

But all this was at first. Before long the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet, and that numbers went the same road wrongfully, and trod it firmly, every day, sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones depended on his quiet fortitude. So by degrees he calmed into the better state when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down.

Before it had set in dark on the night of his condemnation he had traveled thus far on his last way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing, and a light, he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment until he had heard of it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery until the paper had been read. He had already explained to her that his concealment from herself of the name he had relinquished was the one condition—fully intelligible now—that her father had attached to their betrothal, and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of their marriage. He entreated her, for her father's sake, never to seek to know whether he had become oblivious of the existence of the paper, or had had it recalled to him (for the moment, or for good), by the story of the Tower, on that old Sunday under the dear plane-tree in the garden. If he had preserved any definite remembrance of it, there could be no doubt that he had supposed it destroyed with the Bastile, when he had found no mention of it among the relics of prisoners which the popu-



lace had discovered there, and which had been described to all the world. He besought her—though he added that he knew it was needless—to console her father, by impressing him, through every tender means she could think of, with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself, but had uniformly forgotten himself for their joint sakes. Next to her preservation of his own last grateful love and blessing, and her overcoming of her sorrow, to devote herself to their dear child, he adjured her, as they would meet in Heaven, to comfort her father.

To her father himself he wrote in the same strain; but he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care. And he told him this, very strongly, with the hope of rousing him from any despondency or dangerous retrospect toward which he foresaw he might be tending.

To Mr. Lorry he commended them all, and explained his worldly affairs. That done, with many added sentences of grateful friendship and warm attachment, all was done. He never thought of Carton. His mind was so full of the others that he never once thought of him.

He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out. When he lay down on his straw bed he thought he had done with this world.

But it beckoned him back in his sleep, and showed itself in shining forms. Free and happy, back in the old house in Soho (though it had nothing in it like the real house), unaccountably released and light of heart, he was with Lucie again, and she told him it was all a dream, and he had never gone away. A pause of forgetfulness, and then he had even suffered, and had come back to her, dead and at peace, and yet there was no difference in him. Another pause of oblivion, and he awoke in the sombre morning, unconscious where he was or what had happened, until it flashed upon his mind, "This is the day of my death!"

Thus had he come through the hours to the day when the fifty-two heads were to fall. And now, while he was composed and hoped that he could meet the end with quiet heroism, a new action began in his waking thoughts, which was very difficult to master.

He had never seen the instrument that was to terminate his life. How high it was from the ground, how many steps it had, where he would be stood, how he would be touched, whether the touching hands would be dyed red, which way his face would be turned, whether he would be the first, or might be the last: these and many similar questions, in nowise directed by his will, obtruded themselves over and over again countless times. Neither were they connected with fear; he was conscious of no fear. Rather they originated in a strange besetting desire to know what to do when the time came; a desire gigantically disproportionate to the few swift moments to which it referred; a wondering that was more like the wondering of some other spirit within his than his own.

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone forever, ten gone forever, eleven gone forever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Twelve gone forever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was Three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore he resolved to keep Two before his mind as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard One struck away from him without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in a low voice, in English: "He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone; I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth you least expected to see me!" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not"—the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—"a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them; put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength, both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It can not be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was, when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it?"

"No."

The prisoner looked up at each question. Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"'If you remember,'" said Carton, dictating, "'the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them.'"

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them?'" Carton asked.

"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"

"No; I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again. "'I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so, is no subject for regret or grief.'" As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapor is that?" he asked.

"Vapor?"

"Something that crossed me?"

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

"Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

"'If it had been otherwise;'" Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down; "'I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;'" the hand was at the prisoner's face; "'I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise—'" Carton looked at the pen and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but within a minute or so he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called, "Enter there! Come in!" and the Spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up at him, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure putting the paper in the breast: "is your hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the Spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not *that*, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the Spy, nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling Spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already to go through with this that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the court-yard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night, and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat had drawn a blank!"

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonde," said the Spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children!" said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clocks struck Two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A jailor, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped, in passing, to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but the man went on. A very few moments after that a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face in which there was no vestige of color, and large, widely-opened, patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand, "I am a poor little seamstress who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer, "True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

"I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing! I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic, which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor weak little creature!"

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

"I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true?"

"It was. But I was again taken and condemned."

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh, you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

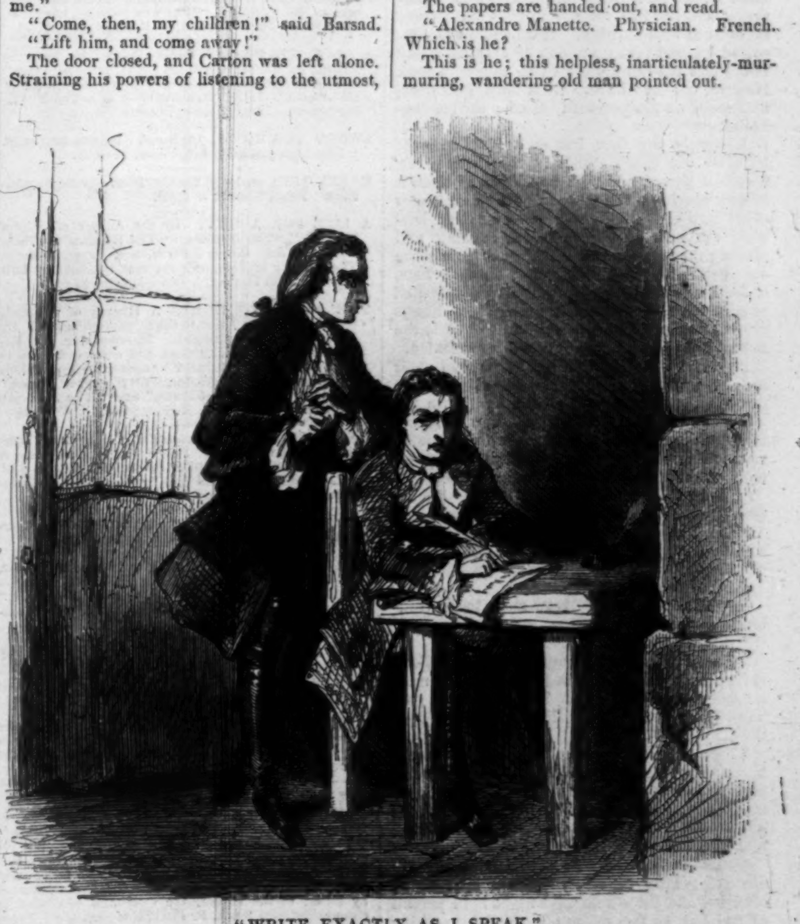
The same shadows that are falling on the prison are falling, in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the Barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

"Who goes here? Whom have we within? Papers!"

The papers are handed out, and read.

"Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he?

This is he; this helpless, inarticulately-murmuring, wandering old man pointed out.



"WRITE EXACTLY AS I SPEAK."

"Apparently the Citizen-Doctor is not in his right mind? The Revolution-fever will have been too much for him?"

Greatly too much for him.

"Hah! Many suffer with it. Lucie. His daughter. English. Which is she?"

This is she.

"Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evrémonde; is it not?"

It is.

"Hah! Evrémonde has an assignation elsewhere. Lucie, her child. English. This is she?"

She, and no other.

"Kiss me, child of Evrémonde. Now, thou hast kissed a good Republican; something new in thy family; remember it! Sydney Carton, Advocate. English. Which is he?"

He lies here, in this corner of the carriage. He, too, is pointed out.

"Apparently the English advocate is in a swoon?"

It is hoped he will recover in the fresher air. It is represented that he is not in strong health, and has separated sadly from a friend who is under the displeasure of the Republic.

"Is that all? It is not a great deal, that! Many are under the displeasure of the Republic, and must look out at the little window. Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"

"I am he. Necessarily being the last."

It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions. It is Jarvis Lorry who has alighted and stands with his hand on the coach-door, replying to a group of officials. They leisurely walk round the carriage and leisurely mount the box, to look at what little luggage it carries on the roof; the country-people hanging about press nearer to the coach-doors, and greedily stare in; a little child, carried by its mother, has its short arm held out for it, that it may touch the wife of an aristocrat who has gone to the Guillotine.

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, countersigned."

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postillions! A good journey!"

"I salute you, citizens.—And the first danger passed!"

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry, as he clasps his hands, and looks upward. There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveler.

"Are we not going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?" asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

"It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much: it would rouse suspicion."

"Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued!"

"The road is clear, my dearest. So far, we are not pursued."

Houses in twos and threes pass by us, solitary farms, ruinous buildings, dye-works, tanneries, and the like, open country, avenues of leafless trees. The hard uneven pavement is under us, the soft deep mud is on either side. Sometimes we strike into the skirting mud, to avoid the stones that clatter us and shake us, and sometimes we stick in ruts and sloughs there. The agony of our impatience is then so great that, in our wild alarm and hurry, we are for getting out and running—hiding—doing any thing but stopping.

Out of the open country, in again among ruinous buildings, solitary farms, dye-works, tanneries, and the like, cottages in twos and threes, avenues of leafless trees. Have these men deceived us, and taken us back by another road? Is not this the same place twice over? Thank Heaven, no. A village. Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued! Hush; the posting-house.

Leisurely our four horses are taken out; leisurely the coach stands in the little street, bereft of horses, and with no likelihood upon it of ever moving again; leisurely the new horses come into visible existence, one by one; leisurely the new postillions follow, sucking and plaiting the lashes of their whips; leisurely the old postillions count their money in their hats, make wrong additions, and arrive at dissatisfied results. All the time, our overfraught hearts are beating at a rate that would far outstrip the fastest gallop of the fastest horses ever foaled.

At length the new postillions are in their saddles, and the old are left behind. We are through the village, up the hill, and down the hill, and on the low watery grounds. Suddenly the postillions exchange speech with animated gesticulation, and the horses are pulled up, almost on their haunches. We are pursued.

"Ho! Within the carriage there! Speak, then!"

"What is it?" asks Mr. Lorry, looking out at window.

"How many did they say?"

"I do not understand you."

"—At the last post. How many to the Guillotine to-day?"

"Fifty-two."

"I said so! A brave number! My fellow-citizen here would have it forty-two; ten more heads are worth having. The Guillotine goes handsomely. I love it. Hi forward! Whoop then!"

The night comes on dark. He moves more; he is beginning to revive, and to speak intelligibly; he thinks they are still together; he asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. O pity us, kind Heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued.

The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying after us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us; but, so far, we are pursued by nothing else.

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thence across the Continent, down the
River Zambesi, to the Eastern
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BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L.

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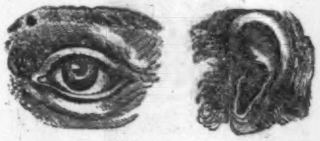

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